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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS		PAGE		PAGE
THE STRESA CONFERENCE (Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.)	..	679	RADIO NEWS-REEL	695
THE WORLD YESTERDAY AND TODAY:			RELIGION:	
What German Youth is Thinking (Vyvyan Adams and Jochen Benemann)	..	680	The Central Fact of the Resurrection (Very Rev. E. G. Selwyn)	702
Freedom—Our Heritage of Liberty (J. A. Spender)	..	703	ART:	
The American Half-hour (Alistair Cooke)	..	711	Twenty-five Years of British Painting (Herbert Read)	705
OUT OF DOORS:			POINTS FROM LETTERS:	
The Story of the Gardens Round Our Homes (The Lady Rockley)	..	684	Vyvyan Adams and Mrs. Rodney Collin Smith on the German Youth Discussion—Dr. D. S. MacColl on the Artist and His Public—the Rev. Ivor Daniel on the Meaning of Church Fittings—E. Gold on Direction-Finding by Sun and Watch—J. H. Oldfield on War Responsibility	714
Ancient Britain Out of Doors—Rome and After (J. N. L. Myers and Jacquetta Hawkes)	..	690	BOOKS AND AUTHORS:	
Probing the Secrets of Wild Life (Oliver G. Pike)	..	697	Ideals and Realities (Hamilton Fyfe)	716
The Map of England—Some Ways of Measuring Property (Brigadier H. St. J. L. Winterbotham)	..	708	The Listener's Book Chronicle	717
THE LISTENER:			New Novels (Edwin Muir)	720
The Level of Knowledge	..	688	POEM:	
Week by Week	..	688	Bright Feather Fading (Lilian Bowes Lyon)	716
Notes for Your Diary—May	..	715	THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD	viii
MUSIC:			SUMMARY OF PROGRAMMES	ix
The Kreisler 'Transcriptions' (M. D. Calvocoressi)	..	694		
DOES THE WIRELESS MAKE YOU WISER?—A 'LISTENER' QUESTIONNAIRE	..	699, 700		

The Stresa Conference

By the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MacDONALD, M.P.

Broadcast on April 17

THE Stresa Conference was attended by the Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries of France, Italy and Great Britain, and presided over by Signor Mussolini with wonderful skill and helpfulness.

Before we went to Stresa, there was great doubt about the Conference, and a good many forecast not only failure, but serious failure. Either was well within the realms of possibility. What had happened up to the beginning of last month? The Saar question had been peacefully settled, largely owing to the presence of an International League of Nations Force, for the despatch of which the British Government was chiefly responsible. The threatening situation which had developed in Central Europe, consequent upon the murder of the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia, had been dispelled—again by the efforts of the League of Nations. France and Italy had settled a number of long outstanding difficulties by the agreement signed at Rome, in January. The French and British Governments had declared, in London, on February 3, for a general settlement of the great outstanding problems of security and armaments to be freely negotiated between Germany and the other Powers, and there were prospects of a great contribution to peace issuing from that effort. In this improved situation, the German Government's declaration of March 16, announcing the re-

introduction of conscription and the establishment of an army of thirty-six divisions, or 550,000 men, came as a great shock. All the more that it followed upon announcements which clearly indicated the formation of a formidable military Air Force. The size of the German claim could not be fitted, without serious alteration, into the plan which the British Government had put forward at Geneva last year—a plan which at that time we had good reason to suppose was generally agreeable to the German Government.

The open repudiation of a Treaty must be a very unsettling thing, and the German action had a most adverse effect on mutual confidence. To make matters worse, it was done at a moment when the preliminary basis of the great negotiation—the most promising perhaps since the War—to which I have just referred, had actually been accepted, and when Britain and France, with the approval of Italy, had announced their desire to establish, in concert with Germany, agreements regarding armaments, which in her case would replace the armament provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. Germany had already said that she would come into the negotiation on this basis, and she had asked British Ministers, and the British Government had agreed, to go to Berlin to clear up doubtful points. In the surprise of the moment, some countries, alarmed by this apparent evidence of the determination of Germany to disregard co-operation with other nations, and impose her

will on Europe, began to feel that the plan, the outline of which had been set out in London, could not be proceeded with. Others like our own, disturbed though we were at what had happened, felt that they must still carry on. There was, indeed, plenty of evidence to make it very doubtful if even the three Powers who had been co-operating together in Rome, Paris and London, and who were waiting in the hope that they might add Berlin as a party to their agreements, would still, in view of their public opinion, stand by the London purpose. Could we get from Stresa a decision to proceed? That made Stresa so critical. If we failed, we were once again in the jungle. We went to Stresa determined not to fail.

The satisfactory result of the Stresa Conference is that the three nations of Britain, France and Italy have declared their solidarity, and their union in abandoning no declaration which they have made, and in continuing the work to which they had already set their hands. They have stood steady under the strain, and, that having been secured, we can look forward with a returning hope to the future: for the union is against no one, but in favour of everyone. They only ask that others should join them in maintaining peace and removing threats against the security of any nation.

It was believed in some quarters that the British nation would be called upon to maintain unity, and, I may add also, prove its faith in the ultimate triumph of peace, by undertaking new obligations. I am glad to be able to assure you that no extra obligation has been undertaken. You are committed today to nothing more than you were the day before we left for Stresa.

I will now try to tell you some details of the Stresa results. The attempts to give security to the nations of Eastern and Central Europe are to continue by trying to arrange non-aggression pacts and mutual security agreements, which I hope will be the foundations of peace in those regions. We are not directly concerned, but we are very much interested, and are anxious to help in every possible way to smooth the negotiations.

Efforts to draft the Air Pact for Western Europe, the Pact which you all hailed with so much satisfaction when it was mentioned in the Report of work done here on February 3 last, are to be begun actively, for all the three Governments represented at Stresa are fully alive to the

danger to peace created by the possible misuse of the recent marvellous, but grimly terrible, developments in the air. Everyone who knows the value of a reduction in armaments as an aid to peace will undoubtedly be disturbed with the turn that affairs have taken, but the three Stresa Powers reaffirm their determination and anxiety to join in every practicable effort for promoting agreement at least on the limitation of armaments, and you can rest assured that none of them, and least of all Britain, will lose a single opportunity of pursuing the discussions on this subject, Germany being a partner.

With Italy, the other Power which with ourselves guarantees the due observance of the Treaty of Locarno, we re-affirmed our obligations under that Treaty. We shall be faithful to them.

I require to offer no reiteration of my own devotion to peace, peace based on the principles of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the fullest use of its machinery, but I am often reminded there is a difference between the peace-lover and the peace-maker. The peace-lover dreams of what he would like done, and is consoled because he lives in an unreal world of his own making, with all the practical difficulties smoothed out. The peace-maker has to face the facts. He knows that it is not enough to love peace and to dream of peace: he has to face all the difficulties of a world, a great part of which has not a passionate will for peace. That is the fate of a peace Minister today. Sometimes one may hope, and sometimes one may be disappointed, but though I admit to disappointment I have abandoned not one particle of my hope, for the lowering clouds have never wholly obscured the sun. What will Germany do? She may be angry. I wish the German people knew how deeply grieved their most sympathetic well-wishers are at the latest handling of their grievances. I wish they could see that it is not only their duty, but their interest, not only their honour, but their wisdom, to join with other nations, and make adequate contribution to the building up of mutual trust and confidence.

In any event, I am sure of this: Stresa, if its spirit is preserved, its decisions pursued, and its purpose not diverted, will be a definite help in dispelling the clouds and enabling the sun to come through.

What German Youth is Thinking

Part of a Discussion between VYVYAN ADAMS, M.P., and JOCHEN BENEMANN

VYVYAN ADAMS: I welcome this chance of finding out what German youth is thinking. I need hardly tell you, however, that many people in England are frankly puzzled by the contradictions of Germany's attitude. Hitler reiterates his desire for peace, yet Germany is rearming. This is a situation which not only puzzles people, but frightens and angers them. I shall welcome first-hand evidence from you.

JOCHEN BENEMANN: I welcome this chance of talking to you and I hope I shall lessen your alarm.

ADAMS: You were telling me that you are over in England organising an Anglo-German camp at Bryanston. How did you leave them all there?

BENEMANN: Oh, quite happy.

ADAMS: How many people have you got together down there?

BENEMANN: There are thirty Germans and thirty English.

ADAMS: What are they—students? You've got some unemployed workers too, haven't you?

BENEMANN: Yes, we've got about half and half—students and workers—and a few schoolboys.

ADAMS: Tell me, what's your idea in holding these camps? What are you trying to do?

BENEMANN: Well, first of all we want young fellows of all classes—and of our two countries—to meet and find out about each other.

ADAMS: And find out what the other fellow thinks? That's splendid. Well, I expect many of the English have been asking you Germans some rather thorny questions. I'd like to know some of the answers myself. I suppose you sit up discussing far into the night.

BENEMANN: Yes. Nearly every afternoon and evening after our practical work is over we get together and either listen to a lecture or else discuss things among ourselves—present-day questions.

ADAMS: You mean political questions?

BENEMANN: We don't avoid political issues, but we try to cover the whole field of cultural and economic relationships between our two countries.

ADAMS: I should think the discussions must be pretty hot sometimes—if you really *do* discuss, for instance, Nazi Germany. Do you find our fellows understand your point of view?



German and English boys at work in the camp organised by Herr Benemann in Dorset

BENEMANN: I don't quite know what you consider to be 'our point of view'.

ADAMS: I mean the ideals of Nazi Germany—the things the Hitler Youth are thinking and working for.

BENEMANN: I'll say quite frankly that it's not easy for you to understand us and our point of view, but I think these camps are a contribution towards an understanding.

ADAMS: Oh, that may be—I cordially hope so. But understanding means free discussion—it must mean, surely, exploring the subject right down to its depths and not being afraid of any problem.

BENEMANN: I don't think you will find that any Germans are afraid to make clear our point of view. We want other nations to understand us. But if you hope to understand us you mustn't use an English yardstick. Don't judge us by your standards. If you do, you won't get near an understanding.

ADAMS: All right. I'll do what I can. But I should have thought that there were certain standards that were general and universal. I should have thought that civilised young men and women all over the world wanted freedom—freedom to develop their capacities each in his own special way, freedom to investigate without influence from authority.

BENEMANN: We first of all want to feel that our individuality is being used for the good of our community as a whole. More than anything else we want the feeling of pulling together, of unity.

ADAMS: But that feeling for unity is simply an emotion: it is being used emotionally, and not rationally, in Germany today.

BENEMANN: That's just what I sometimes feel about English freedom—it is very often simply emotion.

ADAMS (continuing): Anyway, I wish you'd tell us what you feel unites you.

BENEMANN: I think it is our German fate as a nation. We have never before faced our fate all together. Never until now have we recognised the importance of that fate. The Brown Shirt is used as a symbol of unity under the fate of our people.

ADAMS: I don't understand. What do you mean by your 'German fate as a nation'? That's a phrase which I'm sure you must have found English people have failed to understand. It's an idea which is foreign to us.

BENEMANN: It's something very concrete really. We have a special word for it—*Volksschicksal*. Our fate lies in the fact that we have been in the centre of Europe. Our country has been the cockpit of many wars and the field upon which cross-currents of political, cultural and religious difficulties have been fought out.

ADAMS: Then the fate you talk about is the historical past that you want to live down.

BENEMANN: Not live down—we want to evolve from our difficult and disunited past. We want to overcome this historical situation and work out new ideas which will for ever symbolise this German unity.

ADAMS: Yes. But what are you going to do with your unity when you've got it? You say you're all pulling in the same direction; but in what direction?

BENEMANN: The progress we look forward to is one in which all forces work together for a common purpose. Every single German is somehow concerned with this national regeneration. No single German is left outside. Our ideals will never be realised if any single German is left out of our scheme for national regeneration. The people who a few years ago pulled in a hundred different directions now show a co-operative spirit towards each other.

ADAMS: Just a minute. I think I can remember a very friendly spirit between those German youths one used to see ten years ago walking about with open shirts and playing mandolines. They were a very friendly lot. Are you going to suggest that they were pulling in so many different directions that their influence was of no value, and that they contributed nothing which made for an understanding of the German people?

BENEMANN: I don't deny the contribution they made up to 1932. But things are different now. The German Youth Movement immediately after the War tried to forget what had happened. They were looking for new ideals as the

lines of 'back to Nature' open-air movements, physical culture, and so on.

ADAMS: Yes. We had them in England, too.

BENEMANN: Quite, and all their energy was dissipated in too great a variety of ideals. The development of Germany in the last fourteen years has forced us back to a more concrete and fruitful form of activity. What you call variety was, in Germany, merely chaos. We certainly get more work done now we're all pulling the same way.

ADAMS: Well, I for one regret those pleasant German youths and maidens. To a foreigner they made Germany seem a pleasant, friendly place.

BENEMANN: Yes. But times are now too serious for mere pleasantries. Germany has her back to the wall, and the only thing that's going to save us is unity. It's a great thing for a man from North Friesland to know that all his comrades far down at the Austrian or Swiss frontier wear the same shirt, that they are all thinking and longing in the same direction, while only three years ago the people were torn with hatred.

ADAMS: Quite. But does the fact that all German Youth organisations now wear the same uniform necessarily mean that they all feel the same thing?

BENEMANN: No. Certainly not. Human beings themselves are not all the same. We fought for our unity for fourteen years, and we're proud of it. Don't forget that the brown shirt makes high and low equal in class.

ADAMS: So boys of all classes really mix together in the Hitler Youth Movement? You are really bent on removing social distinctions?

BENEMANN: Yes: we have done so and I think I may say that that was our first aim, and that we have already reached it. Every young German boy and girl can be a member of our Hitler Youth—we have already six million members, and we are therefore the biggest youth organisation in the world.

ADAMS: Is it compulsory for all boys and girls to belong?

BENEMANN: No, it is not—it is voluntary.

ADAMS: Sounds rather like our O.T.C.

BENEMANN: Yes, like your O.T.C. or Boy Scouts; but I should say our movement was more popular.

ADAMS: That might well be. I'd like to know how you manage it. Do German children like training for war more than the English?

BENEMANN: We are fully occupied in training our members for something very different from war.

ADAMS: It's not easy to convince us about that. There are facts to contradict it. You don't deny that military training takes place.

BENEMANN: Of course I don't deny the existence of military training. But military training, as we use it in Germany, forms character, and makes many of our young people forget their intellectual problems—students and so on.

ADAMS: Well, there must be a difference of national character there. My experience in England is that there's never any difficulty in making people forget intellectual problems—some of us don't worry about them enough.

BENEMANN: There, indeed, we differ, because in Germany we like to dig ourselves into intellectual problems as deeply as we can. It's a great weakness. To counteract that weakness we have designed this physical training—military training as you call it. *Our training may be military, but it's certainly not militaristic.* We try to give our youths a spirit of physical and mental readiness. First of all, for the social tasks with which they will be faced, and then for the *Volkestumsarbeit*—there's no English word for it. We must make every young German face up to the real condition of his country. He must be made to realise that he can no longer put selfish little personal interests before the big cultural, moral and political interests of the nation.

ADAMS: You say there's no English word for it, but the idea is familiar in history; and its growth today—and not in Germany alone—is a grave menace to civilisation. It's a conception which has been one of the main causes of war. It's nothing more nor less than nation-worship. It's a kind of idolatry—an idolatry which demands the suppression of human personality and the sacrifice of the individual. Why, it's a prostitution of the spirit of mankind.

BENEMANN: You obviously don't know the spirit which is abroad in Germany, or you wouldn't suggest that German youth is being sacrificed.

ADAMS: Oh, I daresay individuals are sincere and loyal enough in their devotion, but they are being deceived and exploited in the interests of those who are neither self-sacrificing nor sincere.

Tell me, are you not determined to get back everything you lost under the Treaty?

BENEMANN: We were scandalously humbled under that Treaty and the first thing we had to get back was our honour. Our Leader has pointed that out again and again. Our honour and equality of rights.

ADAMS: The impression that's been created here by your conscription order is not one of the pacific intentions of Germany. To us it looks like preparation for war. I ask you a direct question. Do you think that German honour requires war for its vindication?

BENEMANN: That vindication is an affair of European diplomacy. We stand to gain nothing by war. The young in Germany want peace, not war.

ADAMS: That's interesting. It's not supported by the declarations of some of your leaders. Well now—one of your slogans is 'Through Socialism to the Nation'. Will you explain what you mean by that?

BENEMANN: Yes. Our movement in Germany is based on the German worker, a point which has never been understood in this country, I think.

ADAMS: You mean that it is really a Socialist movement?

BENEMANN: Yes. Particularly in our Youth organisations. The basis of our movement is its working-class membership.

ADAMS: In England, you know, we can't forget the thirtieth of June. To us it has seemed one of the most savage dates in modern history. Many people thought that the thirtieth of June was the final defeat of any socialistic elements which may have existed in the National Socialist Party.

BENEMANN: The thirtieth of June had nothing to do with Socialism in Germany.

ADAMS: All right. None the less, you can't expect foreigners to have much confidence in your international behaviour if you can do that sort of thing to one another. But I won't embarrass you any further. Let me turn to something which should be at the heart of our discussion. This thing called the 'leadership principle' in Germany. We are frankly puzzled about it, because it looks to us as if people in Germany were taught to obey and not to lead.

BENEMANN: Yes, I'd like to discuss that very much. The principle of leadership in Germany is based on personal confidence between leaders and followers—perhaps that sounds stiff, translated into English terms. It's this sense of comradeship between leaders and followers that's the important thing. Followers are in such close contact with their leaders that they are taught to know something of the difficulties and discipline of leadership. You get this personal touch right down from Hitler to the last Wolf Cub in a Bavarian village.

ADAMS: I know what you mean, but that's not our difficulty. We think that if you are going to get leaders you must leave people free to think for themselves, decide for themselves, act for themselves. You must make them independent. If you spend your time inculcating obedience you'll never get leadership. I thought your youth movement in Germany was a kind of reservoir from which leaders of the future could be drawn. It's an educational movement, isn't it?

BENEMANN: Yes.

ADAMS: An educational movement in which future leaders are told exactly what to do and what to think on all occasions must produce subjects and not rulers.

BENEMANN: The young people who make up our movement are *absolutely responsible* for what they do. That responsibility develops personalities and so we educate a whole generation of personalities; while in your country the young talk about their individualism and freedom, while no one has half as much chance of any real action as our chaps over there.

ADAMS: To me that seems a crowning example of what mass mental suggestion can do. We see the matter from an entirely opposite point of view. We see your German youth thinking, behaving, even worshipping according to order.

BENEMANN: At any rate your individualism looks to me like anarchy. In the old days we had committees which, when they had brought about a terrible mess, simply resigned, and nobody was responsible.

ADAMS: But, Benemann, that happens to be one of the safeguards which democracy provides for peaceful change. If the elected representatives of England don't satisfy the electors, the electors quietly remove them through the ballot-box. Your ruthlessness about the ballot-box is abhorrent to us. But suppose one of these responsible young leaders—or followers—disagrees on principle with something he is told to do?

BENEMANN: There is a good deal of disagreement in matters of detail. There's unity in broad outlines—all our members are inspired by the same great principles—and in matters of detail there's plenty of criticism. Criticism often goes up



Wandervögel, whose open shirts and carefree wanderings have been replaced—

and up to the top, and if it's found to be well founded, alterations are made.

ADAMS: I'm afraid I'm very sceptical about that. It's contrary to everything we know about your methods. Suppose the people at the top are wrong—how then?

BENEMANN: Opposition is allowed on principle. You seem to think our system is watertight and inelastic. It's not so. If someone within our ranks disagrees with some matter of policy and announces his disagreement in a loyal way, he will always be considered and even encouraged.

ADAMS: 'Announces his disagreement in a loyal way'—whatever do you mean by that?

BENEMANN: I mean this. There are certain great principles upon which we are all agreed. They remain unchallenged. There are other matters of detail—concerning the way in which these great principles should be carried out. Here is room enough for criticism. There would be stagnation without it.

ADAMS: Well, we shouldn't call that a line of opposition in England. That kind of opposition won't lead anywhere. But, tell me, is it the same in the universities? I want to know from you about freedom of thought amongst students. Surely it is to *them* that Germany should give a chance of thinking things out from the bottom, ruthlessly criticising in principle, hearing all points of view. That is something which we in England think really important to do if one wants to produce leaders. You may think that's a stupid democratic idea. You have suppressed associations and societies of many kinds—for example, your League of Nations Union.

BENEMANN: We had fifteen years of too many groups in our universities, and we are quite glad to have got rid of it now.

ADAMS: I do not ask you if you are glad to get rid of it. Was it *good* to get rid of it?

BENEMANN: Certainly. It enables us to get some work done. Before, with oppositions on all sides, each Government needed three-fourths of its time, effort and money to keep itself in power.

ADAMS: Well, I'm afraid all that sounds appalling to many people in England. What you say must make co-operation between young English people and young Germans very diffi-

cult. It looks as if we really do start from fundamentally different viewpoints. We believe that really fruitful co-operation can only be based on open and free discussion and the ventilation of all difficulties.

BENEMANN: I shall never make you understand. Discussions *do* take place in Germany, but they are discussions with an aim and an ending. So many of your discussions ring in the empty air. All of ours are directed towards some specific purpose.

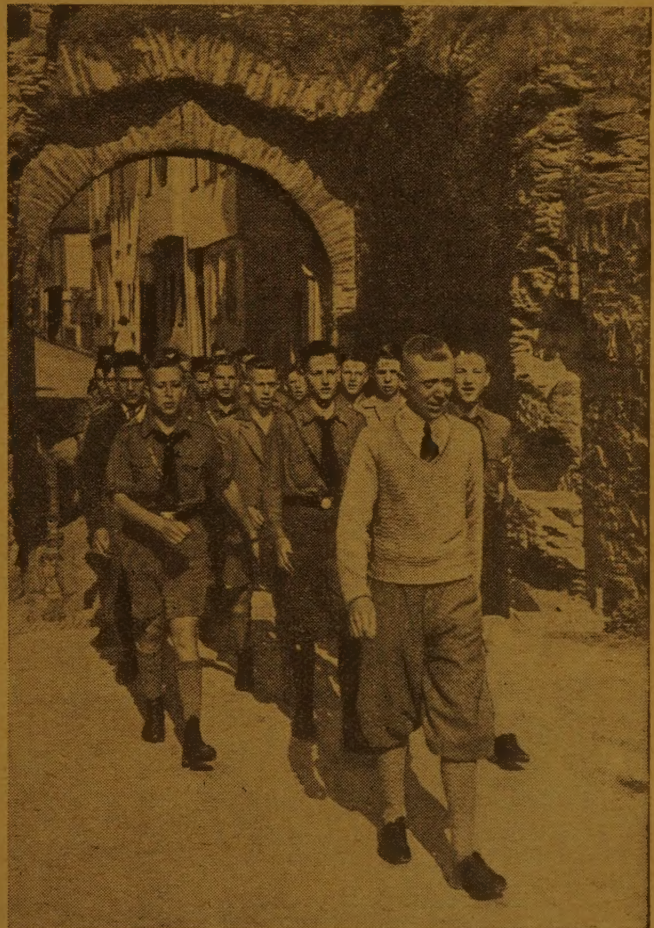
ADAMS: You feel our present conversation is waste of time?

BENEMANN: Personally I shouldn't feel it a waste of time if I thought I could make you understand our point of view.

ADAMS: Tell me this: you are prepared, are you not, to accept differences between nations, but not between the peoples in a nation?

BENEMANN: This is the point you haven't grasped—you in England want one thing, we in Germany want another. Your island position, your Empire, your history and social custom, your culture, all those are quite different from ours. We have another history, another geography, another fate. But we are both responsible for the future of Europe.

ADAMS: That's just what I was going to say. What are you



—by the brown shirts and discipline of the Hitler Youth

Paul Popper

going to *do* about it? That's the important thing. The peace of Europe is in the balance. I want to know what German youth thinks about Geneva. Do you really want to go back to Geneva?

BENEMANN: Only under conditions of real equality. We want an equal partnership in all the nations which make up the world.

ADAMS: Are you telling me that *German youth* is prepared to return to Geneva?

BENEMANN: Yes, under conditions of real equality.

ADAMS: Well, then, tell me this. How does German youth think it's going to influence the powers that be? Look at your latest pronouncements. It doesn't seem that your statesmen want to return to Geneva.

(Continued on page 713)

The Story of the Gardens Round our Homes

By THE LADY ROCKLEY

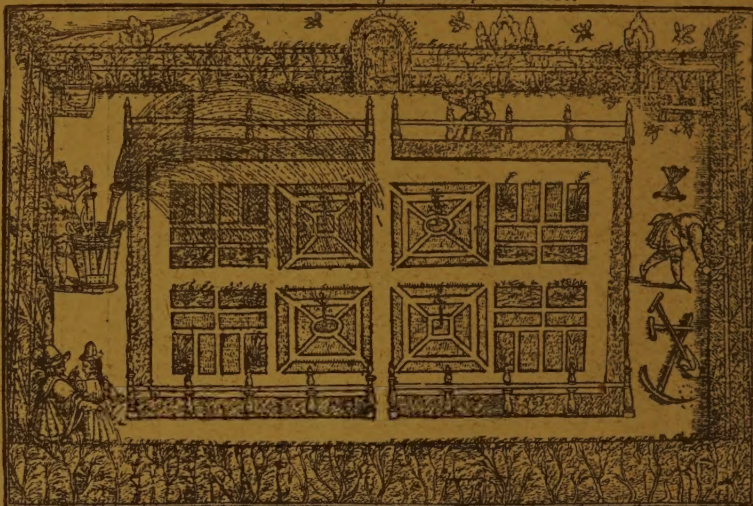
The Baroness Rockley is the author of 'A History of Gardening in England'

EVERYONE knows that the growth of a garden is a slow process. Each spring stiff arms and aching backs after a day's work in the garden bring that fact home painfully; but perhaps few people realise how many hundreds of years it has taken to evolve gardens as we know them today. The various periods of English History are reflected in our gardens—not only in the large and stately ones of the great houses of England, but even the smallest plot has some chapter of history discernible among its flowers, to those who have made English gardens their study. I hope the few landmarks I can point out will serve as guides by which those who visit gardens during the summer may be able to build up some of their past history.

The villas in the days of the Roman occupation were probably surrounded by gardens much like those of Italy described by Roman writers. They have perished long ago, but they have left their mark in the gardens of today; the stinging nettle with which we are all too painfully familiar was brought by the Romans to this country as a pot herb. It was used by them as we use spinach. Other traces of Roman occupation are more welcome. We owe them the first cherries, and

was only inside the fortifications of a castle that they could be enjoyed with safety. There are pictures in illuminated MSS. showing how they were laid out. There was, as a rule, a border all round the wall, and neat flower beds. Sometimes a recess in the wall had a brick seat, and pictures show they were often covered with turf. These

The manner of watering with a Pompe in a Tubbe.



Lay-out of an Elizabethan flower garden, from the *Gardener's Labyrinth*, 1586

were arbours, generally in the angles of the walls and raised on a mount to give the inmates of the castle a chance of seeing beyond. The gardens of those days had but few flowers compared with those of today, but they were sweet with violets, lavender, rosemary and southernwood, white primroses, periwinkle, gilliflowers or pinks and tall white lilies grew in the beds. Even in those early days additions were made to the gardens of plants from abroad. We owe some, such as the damask rose, to the Crusaders.

It was not until the end of the Wars of the Roses, about the year 1500, when it became safe to live in unfortified houses, that it was possible to have gardens outside, and that gardens more like those we see around us



Mediæval walled garden, 15th century
British Museum

probably lettuce, kale, hyssop, rue and mint, and a few other herbs, as well as vines.

During the stormy years which followed the departure of the last Roman legion, little was thought of gardening, and it was only with the growth of Christianity that gardens began again to flourish. Within the sheltered walls of religious houses and around cathedrals and churches gardens were made. They contained chiefly vegetable and medicinal herbs, but flowers were grown, especially for decoration on holy days. Old records and plans exist all over the kingdom, at Canterbury, Norwich, Abingdon, Durham, and many other places, which show the design of the gardens and what was grown in them.

For several hundred years gardens had of necessity to be enclosed within four walls, as it



Summer garden of Crispin de Pass, 1614

today, began to be made. The change started in Tudor times, and the peaceful years under Queen Elizabeth are among the brightest in the history of gardens. All the great mansions and small manor houses of the day had their gardens, and the general interest in them

or stone, or more often of perishable material, wood or wattle with roses, honeysuckle or travellers' joy climbing over them. In many cases the moat, like that at Bodiam Castle in Sussex, originally only for security, was, when no longer a necessity, woven into the general plan. The

walks were made to follow its rim, or it was diverted and divided up to form a pond and make a central feature in the design. Grass lawns played an important part—Bacon, in his essay on gardens in 1597, says of these 'there is nothing more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn'; and after more than three hundred years I think everyone will agree with him, and we are proud to know that the mown lawn of an English garden is the most perfect turf in the world.

Whole or portions of such gardens still exist. At Hampton Court there is a pleached alley, and a small garden of knotted beds has lately been restored on its old site. At Drayton, in Northamptonshire, the pleached alley and general plan is untouched and the square west garden at Hatfield has a pleached walk round it. An arbour on a mound is still to be seen at Boscobel which sheltered Charles II

after the battle of Worcester, at Rockingham in Leicestershire the wonderful old hedges are of a very early date. At Hunstanton Hall, Norfolk, the old moat surrounds the garden which was only a little altered in 1630. Haddon Hall in Derbyshire still has the beautiful



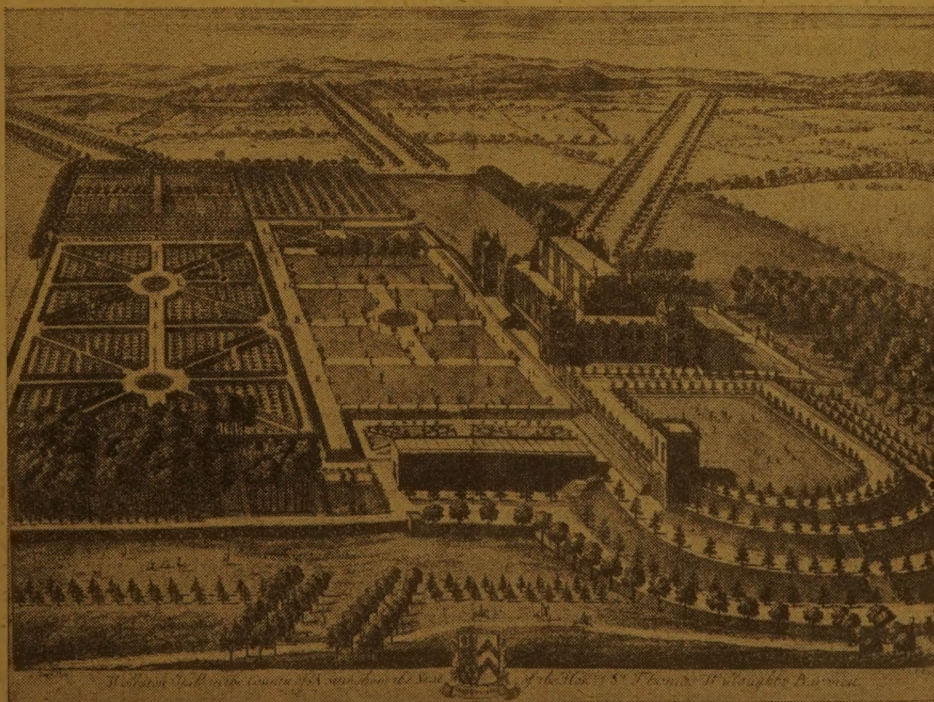
Formal garden with cut box bushes at Chastleton House, Oxon

Country Life

became widespread. Some of them have come down to us, touched indeed by the hand of time but bearing traces of their origin. It is the larger gardens which have suffered most from changing fashions. Statesmen of the sixteenth century, such as Cardinal Wolsey, and later on William Cecil Lord Burghley, laid out gardens; Francis Bacon wrote about them; and delightful herbalists, such as Turner, Gerard and later Parkinson tell us what flowers grew in them. The great architects of the day designed them to harmonise with the houses they built. They were entirely formal, with broad straight walks between square plots divided by encircling hedges. In Tudor times the flower beds were usually enclosed by low wooden railings painted in colours, later in the century that plan was given up, and bricks or stones or edging of box, rosemary or other herbs were used instead. As a rule all through the sixteenth century the flower beds were plain squares or of straight-oblong shapes, but frequently a section of the garden was given up to beds in very intricate patterns called 'knots'. Shakespeare talks of a 'curious knotted garden'. Such knots were sometimes filled with flowers, but others were so complicated they were merely traced out in box or thrift and filled with coloured earths.

Another new feature became general, a pleached alley or avenue of small trees kept low and trimmed so that the branches entwined or plaited overhead. There were arbours to which these pleached-walks led, some of brick

terraces and steps and yew trees often connected with the romantic story of Dorothy Vernon. At Loseley, near Guildford, the arbour or garden houses of brick are still intact. Holme Lacy in Herefordshire, Campden Ash in Suffolk have fine yew hedges and bowling greens, in fact



A seventeenth-century garden—Wollaton Hall, Notts, in 1695

Country Life

in almost every county in England remains of sixteenth-century gardens are to be found.

The pleasing revival of gardening which came with the security of property coincided with the great voyages of Drake and Raleigh and others renowned in history which opened up the treasures of the New World. The most famous introduction, apart from tobacco, was the potato. On its first appearance the potato was known as potato of Virginia to distinguish it from the sweet potato of Batatas which was already known, or else potatoes were called skirrets of Peru. The skirret was then a well-known vegetable, though never heard of today. Potatoes of Canada came a few years later than the true potato, and are what we know as Jerusalem artichokes—they are sun-flowers and 'turn to the sun' or *girossole* of which word Jerusalem is a corruption. They increased so easily that soon, because plentiful, they were rather despised; at any rate one writer said of them 'they are meat more fit for swine than men'.

Flowers were sent from America as well as vegetables. Nasturtiums or Indian cress, as they were called, passion flowers, scarlet lobelia, bergamot, and the yellow columbine among them, all of which are still grown today.

Pretty things for the garden arrived not only from across the Atlantic—that long and perilous voyage made the chances of their survival very remote—but from the East also. The fall of Constantinople in 1453, which brought the revival of learning, brought flowers to our gardens also, among them lilacs, syringa, laburnum, sweet sultan, crown imperial lilies and above all tulips. Thus the new gardens were well stocked with plants. Fruits, too, arrived from the East. We had had peaches here for centuries, but the apricot or 'the hasty peach', as it was called, only came here in Henry VIII's time. Another tree which had

come from the East to Italy and thence to France was the mulberry, and a few were planted in England. James I was most anxious to encourage the manufacture of silk, which the Flemish refugees had brought to England, and hoped to establish the rearing of silkworms. He imported a large number of mulberry trees, and in 1609 a letter was sent to the Lords-Lieutenant of each county to say that 1,000 mulberry trees would be delivered at each county town and all who could be persuaded to buy and plant them were to have the plants at three-farthings each. The King's scheme did not have the desired effect, but scores of the trees still exist. I feel sure many listeners have noticed in an old walled garden, by a farm or manor house, one venerable, generally rather tumbled down mulberry tree, still living on to tell the tale of King James' effort after more than three centuries of vicissitude.

After the Restoration history again made changes come over the larger gardens. Charles II brought back from France the ideas of Louis XIV and his famous landscape gardener Le Notre, who designed the immense formal gardens of Versailles. Charles II invited him to come to England, and although he never came himself, he sent over plans and less notable French

gardeners to carry them out. The chief features were long avenues, massive fountains and straight canals, all on a very large scale of formal design. Naturally it was only the rich who could embark on such vast undertakings, so the small gardens were left untouched. They, however, reaped some advantage from the coming of the French gardeners, by additions to their floral stores.

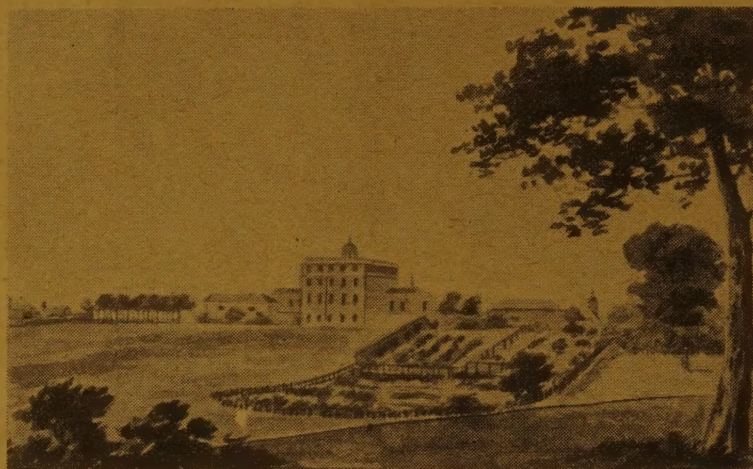
By the end of the seventeenth century fashion once more changed, as Dutch ideas prevailed over the French. Avenues still formed part of the plan in large gardens and in many parts of England today avenues, chiefly of lime trees, still exist, which were planted to commemorate the landing of William of Orange. The smaller gardens at once reflected the Dutch influence, and adopted the 'topiary work' or clipped trees which

were much favoured in Holland; and could be carried out where space was restricted and at but little cost. Soon every garden was adorned with peacocks and birds of all kinds, balls of pyramids cut in box, yew or holly—together with arches and hedges all neatly trimmed. They formed a good dark background for the gaudy tulips and ranuncula which were in high favour. There are some fine examples of cut yew trees dating from the seventeenth century still to be seen. Levens in Westmoreland is one of the most typical. Heslington near York and Hutton John in Cumberland have immense clipped yews and the cut beech avenues at Bramham in Yorkshire are a beautiful example of the best style of gardening in Queen Anne's reign on a grand scale.

The cut trees were soon much overdone, and like all fashions carried to excess, brought about their own downfall. Those who possessed large gardens overcrowded with clipped trees could not withstand the withering jeers of the popular writers

of the day. Addison in 1712 owned he preferred a 'natural luxuriance of bough and branches', instead of 'cones, globes and pyramids' and the 'marks of the scissors on every plant and bush'. Pope was still more cutting in his remarks on 'verdant scripture'. He imagined a sale of such trees. 'Adam and Eve in yew, Adam, a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge'. . . . 'St. George in box, his arm scarce long enough, but will be in condition to stick the dragon by next April', and so on. Such witty criticism soon had effect, and a great revulsion of taste ensued and made way for the landscape gardener.

A man called Kent was the pioneer of this school. His followers said of him, 'Kent leaped the fence and saw that all Nature was a garden'. These men aimed at copying nature, they said 'Nature abhors a straight line', so they induced owners of sheltered walled gardens to pull down the walls, to cut down the hedges and what was even worse, in the larger gardens to fell the avenues. The best-known landscape gardener is Lancelot Brown, known as Capability Brown, from the habit he had of saying of any place he was asked to lay out it had 'great capabilities'. His designs were so much admired



Eighteenth-century landscape garden: Repton's sketches of Woodford, Essex, before and after alteration

that between 1750 and 1780 he had a hand in making and often in destroying an immense number of gardens all over England. He was very pleased with his achievements and on one occasion when he was gazing at a piece of water like a river he had just completed, he was heard to exclaim 'Thames! Thames! thou wilt never forgive me!' Some of Brown's landscapes were really pretty, but, alas! for the beautiful gardens he swept away which harmonised so much better with the old houses they surrounded. At Burghley, by Stamford, Brown entirely obliterated the old Elizabethan garden, which, from existing plans, must have been a beautiful one. He made a large artificial lake and cut down a portion of the avenues and left the great house standing in the bare park. At Castle Ashby, in Northamptonshire, he made a lake by sacrificing part of the avenues planted in 1699. At Narford, a place in Norfolk, a lake of some 50 acres took the place of a former canal.

Repton, one of Brown's successors in 1796 at Burley-on-the-Hill in Rutland, took away five brick terraces with stone coping covered with flowers, which had been made exactly one hundred years earlier and removed them to the kitchen garden completely. This kind of thing went on all over the country.

Luckily the ardour for destruction began to cool or no old gardens would have been left. A few people were wise enough to resist the all-powerful 'Capability' Brown. One writer records in 1794 a fine old oak avenue in Cheshire which 'Brown absolutely condemned', but it 'was saved by the owner', and the writer adds, 'it now stands a monument of the triumph of the natural feelings of the owner over . . . the ideas of the professed improver'. In recent years some of the old gardens have been restored and laid out on the old lines. Two very successful examples are Penshurst in Kent and Blickling in Norfolk.

Perhaps it was really flowers themselves which brought about a revulsion of feeling. Early in the nineteenth century plants collected in South Africa were being sent home. Now a tender showy race of plants were arriving which could not stand the cold of our winters, and geraniums and pelargoniums from the Cape were seen for the first time. Glasshouses were being constructed, but only the larger landowners possessed them. The question was asked, how could these brilliant flowers be shown off to advantage? They could be increased with such ease by cuttings that a very small place of shelter would suffice to carry them through the winter months and ensure a large number of plants for a summer display out-of-doors. Hence the idea of a 'bedded out' garden came into being.

In the larger gardens fine formal beds, with gravel walks between, were laid out near the house, often in the place where the Elizabethan garden had been swept away. In the smaller gardens round, heart- or pear-shaped plots were cut out of the turf and filled with geraniums during the summer. Calceolarias, gold and bronze, were introduced from Chile and Peru about the same time as the scarlet, pink and white or scented geraniums from the Cape and were as easily propagated, so they were treated in the same way.

The gardens were still further brightened by annuals, godetia, clarkia, petunia, zinnia, verbena and so on, all of which came to us between 1810 and 1840. For fifty years this type of garden was the most popular. But again the British love of a garden with flowers all the year round began to assert itself. The loss of old favourites which had been banished first by the landscape gardeners from the large gardens and later on more universally by the tender summer flowers, began to be felt, and a reaction set in once more.

This was greatly stimulated by the introduction of more hardy plants which collectors had been finding in the Far East. The beautiful rhododendrons from Sikkim and Nepal were discovered by Sir Joseph Hooker about the middle of last century and grown at Kew.

From them, together with North American species, most of the wonderful garden hybrids which we have today have been raised. About the same time another adventurous collector, Robert Fortune, was seeking treasures in China and Japan. On one occasion he had to fight pirates single-handed, on another he made a hazardous journey disguised as a Chinaman. He succeeded in sending home many plants which are among the favourites of today. The lovely purple wistaria had been introduced a few years previously, but he found the white, also the

large white autumn-flowering Japanese anemones, the yellow kerria, the dicentra or bleeding heart, with its pretty rows of pink hanging heart-shaped blooms. The golden jasmine which flowers in winter and forsythia which makes a gay show in the spring, several flowering cherries and above all chrysanthemums, azaleas and lilies. No wonder that with all this wealth of flowers arriving gardeners began to think room must be made for them. And what was known as a wild garden was thought of.

A book called *The English Flower Garden* by William Robinson, published in 1883, gave expression to this growing revolt against bedding out as the main object of gardening. Instead of laurel bushes, surrounding a lawn with beds, often devoid of flowers for several months of the year, planting clumps of all the newer shrubs was advocated, with groups of herbaceous flowers and bulbs, such as daffodils, near them, to come up naturally in the grass. The margins of streams or ponds were filled with bog plants and roses, those wonderful new ramblers were allowed to clamber over trees.

Slowly at first, but surely, the new style prevailed, and all the time fresh plants were still coming in from the Far East and older ones becoming more plentiful. Auratum lilies made their appearance first in 1862, but it was more than thirty years before they were sent from Japan in such quantities that their price came within the range of many purses.

Nurserymen soon turned their attention to improving hardy plants. Facts which are common knowledge today were only given to the world when Darwin published in 1876 *The Effects of Cross and Self Fertilisation in the Vegetable Kingdom*. Gardeners were not slow to profit, and all the florists' varieties we have today are the result of their labours.

From the topical names given to new varieties it is generally easy to guess when they were produced. A Lord Roberts or Kitchener daffodil or rose or an Amy Johnson sweet pea, for instance, can easily be dated, and of course there will be Princess Marinas and Jubilees to mark 1934 and 1935.

These improved hardy plants brought a further change over the garden, and colour schemes were thought out. Blue or rainbow borders took the place of the mixed border, whole gardens were devoted to one flower, such as lilies or iris. These seem quite ordinary ideas, I have no doubt, to many people, but they have only come within the last thirty years.

The opening years of the present century saw yet another form of gardening making its way, the rock garden. In early Victorian gardens there was frequently what was known as a rockery. This was usually little more than a heap of stones with a few rock-plants, such as aubretia and arabis, hanging over them, with ivy-leaved geraniums stuck in to give colour in the summer. The rock garden of today is of recent origin. The fine one at Kew, one of the earliest, was begun in 1882. Year by year it has been enlarged and today contains plants from all the mountain ranges of the world. Now there are rock gardens all over the kingdom. Not only large ones made among natural cliffs or disused quarries, but the smallest plot often has its rock garden, and dainty alpine can be seen flourishing in minute moraines even in town gardens.

Adventurous journeys have been undertaken by such men as Reginald Farrer and Wilson Forest during the last twenty-five years, and still are by Mr. Kingdon Ward, and they have collected countless plants. High altitudes of the Rockies and Himalayas have been searched and the most distant corners of China and Burma have yielded some of the treasures which every year become more and more common in our gardens. The lovely blue gentians, and all the many primula and poppies, the seeds of which can be purchased for a few pence, were unknown but a few years ago. Each summer bright newly-discovered annuals appear and strange and beautiful flowering trees are taking their places among us, with constitutions strong enough to endure our climate and withstand the passing of time as well as our English oaks. Thus century by century have our gardens been tended and enriched and the love of them is perhaps stronger today than ever. We can study the faults and failings as well as the successes of our ancestors, and with the additions to our knowledge and the immense number of plants now at our command, there is every likelihood that the gardens of the twentieth century will far outshine all those which have gone before.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 18s. 8d.; Overseas and Foreign, £1 1s. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

The Level of Knowledge

WE publish this week another selection of answers to the questions addressed to listeners in various walks of life, questions which have been a yard-stick dipped into the well of knowledge to find out how high the level of the water is. Anyone who reads the fifteen questions and sees how many of them deal with large public and international issues will not think that the tests were particularly light. What really interests people is their private affairs, and those who set out to instruct their fellows or to conduct the operation known as rousing public opinion know what very uphill work it generally is. If there are still gaps, as indeed there are, in the general knowledge of the mass of the people, they are gaps which only the sternest schoolmasters can view very grimly. To the ordinary observer with any knowledge of the state of public opinion in the past, the level of interest which has been attained today must be a matter for some admiration. We have only to ask ourselves what the lists of answers to comparable questions at the time of Waterloo and subsequently would have been, or to recall the successive Victorian panics about impending French invasions, or the vivid apprehensions that were felt at the turn of the century about the possibilities of the Boers invading this country, to realise both how insistently foreign affairs have come to demand attention and what new facilities for enjoying them exist today. But for new inventions, of which broadcasting may perhaps claim to be the chief, it is difficult to see how the much greater complexity of European questions in the years following the War could have been presented to the population in intelligible form. The ideal of open diplomacy enunciated by President Wilson resulted in at any rate partial openness. If the public have not been taken into the confidence of statesmen at the countless conferences which have marked the post-War era—and immediate candour is too often out of the question for the parties to delicate negotiations—much more has been said to the Press. Publicity is now a recognised Government activity and one plainly destined to grow. There are a good many more countries in Europe than there were, all closely involved with one another. Economics, the national economic policies which

have been forced on individual Governments by the general situation, the long drawn-out complexities of reparations and debts, are not simple matters easily crystallised in a few phrases. Public men commonly explain to those with whom they are dealing how much further they would like to go, but for the impossibility of carrying their electorates with them. They may well be thankful that the means of reaching those electorates and the standard of education among the people they seek to persuade are higher today than ever before. It is often said with a measure of truth that, while democracies are supposed to be peace-loving, it is far harder to stop wars about which public opinion has been roused than it was to stop wars like those of the eighteenth century, which ended as soon as a particular individual ruler grew tired or alarmed. Those who carry electorates with them cannot always call them off.

It was the fashion not long ago for people of liberal outlook to call for more education, and to devise means, travelling scholarships and the like, for making foreigners see more of one another from a conviction that people who mixed were sure to get on. It used to be assumed, with a somewhat provincial self-righteousness, that the ideals of the person speaking would be found on inspection to animate in greater or less degree the whole of mankind. But the experience of the student of foreign affairs today is analogous to that of the student of the natural world who has passed from the simple certainties of our grandfathers to a realisation that the complexity and the unexpected variety of the object of his studies are far greater than was ever imagined. The world today has ceased to look as it looked in the last century to Westminster for its constitutions or to the City of London for its finance. For the first time in the history of modern Europe there is no predominant example, no nation enjoying the leadership and arousing the imitation, which France aroused in the eighteenth century and Britain in the nineteenth. A fierce nationalism takes different forms in different places, choosing eclectically what it will copy or adapt. The field is consequently extraordinarily rich in variety and difficult to appreciate justly. Even inside the British Empire, which enjoys so large a measure of homogeneity and unity of feeling, the differences between the different parts call for nice observation in a spirit which seeks to understand and not to disparage. In the wider field of foreign relations, out of which peace or war results, it cannot unfortunately be said that knowledge is the royal road to affection. The optimistic saying 'the man I don't like is the man I don't know' is popular because true in the world of American business where identity of tastes in private life is very widespread. It is much less applicable to the nations of Europe today; but that does not mean that understanding, which must be based on knowledge, becomes less important. It becomes much more important. For it is on a just judgment, widely spread throughout the community, of the characters and aims of the leading continental nations that British policy, which carries so large a measure of wider responsibility with it, has to be based.

Week by Week

THE award of literary prizes, which is so prevalent in France that nearly every good novel seems to win some prize or other, has been kept within fairly modest limits in Great Britain, so that the principal awards still carry a measure of real distinction. A list of prize-winning authors and books during the last sixteen years has been compiled by the National Book Council, in collaboration with Mrs. Desmond Flower, and it makes both encouraging and melancholy reading—encouraging because it is pleasant to remember how many clever and sympathetic books have been written in recent years, and melancholy because it is sad to think how few of them will ever be read again by the people

who hailed them so enthusiastically at the time of their publication. The Book Council's list includes the Nobel awards and the James Tait Black Memorial, Femina Vie Heureuse and Hawthornden prizes, and the last three, which are awarded for particular books and not for an author's whole range of work, offer the most interesting retrospect. Here are the books which were talked about at cocktail-parties, at luncheons, in trains and tubes, at dances, and wherever people who read books were gathered together, the books which everyone was supposed to have read and many people actually did read. For example, Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*, David Garnett's *Lady Into Fox*, E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*, and F. Yeats Brown's *Bengal Lancer* are among the James Tait Black prize-winners; Mary Webb's *Precious Bane*, Richard Hughes' *High Wind in Jamaica*, and Stella Benson's *Tobit Transplanted* appear on the Femina Vie Heureuse list; while the Hawthornden Prize has gone to such diverse books as Charles Morgan's *The Fountain* and James Hilton's *Lost Horizon*, as well as to Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* and Lord David Cecil's *The Stricken Deer*. It can be seen from these examples that most of the prize-winning books owed their award to sound literary qualities, and not to mere chance: they were the best books of their year, and not just 'books of the month' which had to be chosen even if the month had been barren of first-rate work. For this reason the awards have more than ephemeral interest, and they provide a useful series of signposts for the student of contemporary literature.

It will be generally agreed, we think, that Mr. Barnet Freedman's design for the new Post Office Jubilee stamps (which are to be on sale to the public on May 7) represents an advance on anything of the sort which our Post Office has yet put forth. It is not to be expected—even if it were desirable—that radical departures from established tradition should be attempted on this occasion. The artist has aimed primarily at producing an effect of dignity and simplicity by the use of clear and legible lettering and the simplest forms of symbolism. Each variant of the design carries the Royal head in the form familiarised by previous stamps. The principal changes intro-

this state of affairs many explanations are offered. With the decrease in the size of families, a larger proportion of births are first pregnancies, for which the mortality rate will always be higher. In the distressed areas poverty and under-nourishment may play a part, though the effect of this is by no means clear in the regional statistics. There is the increasing prevalence of amateur attempts at interference. There is the question of cross-infection in hospitals, aggravated, according to some critics, by a tendency towards too frequent use of instruments; and there is the difficult psychological problem presented by the fear of pregnancy which seems to be growing in certain sections of the population. But two important causes of the high rate remain, over which there can be little controversy. The Departmental Committee on Maternal Mortality made it quite clear in its report at the end of last year that at least half the deaths which came under their review could have been prevented if the right precautions had been exercised at the right time. If this state of affairs is to be remedied, the scope of ante-natal clinics will need to be greatly extended throughout the country, and adequate provision will have to be ensured for the training of all doctors and practising midwives. The present theory is that this can probably best be accomplished through the Central Midwives Board. Mr. Eardley Holland, speaking at a meeting of the Royal Sanitary Institute a few days ago, suggested that much could be done along the lines of the educational campaign in Rochdale in 1931, and the Minister of Health has promised a White Paper when the present intensive departmental enquiry is completed.

Our English holiday resorts have been spending a great deal of thought and money on improvements designed to attract more and more visitors during the summer season. A glance at the list of improvements recently published, however, suggests that they are paying more attention to the amenities of outdoor sport and amusement than to the cultivation of the creature comforts. A plethora of new open-air swimming-pools is to be provided, no doubt in optimistic anticipation of a repetition of last year's hot summer. Scarborough, Felixstowe, Cheltenham, Droitwich, Llandindrod, Leamington, Buxton, Tunbridge Wells and Harrogate, all have swimming-pools built, building, planned, or talked about. Then come bowling-greens, parades, improvements to piers and pavilions, parks, band-stands, opera and coloured lights—in fact, the entire galaxy of attractions which turn hamlets into spas and fishing villages into full-fledged watering places. These things, presumably, are essential factors in attracting a British holiday public, and it is a good thing that the amenities of seaside and inland resorts should be thus improved. We miss, however, from the list certain amenities to which Continental resorts pay particular attention, in particular the provision of good cookery and an encouragement of local food specialities. For instance, the local Tourist Commission for the Lake of Como in Italy has arranged to take a 'food ballot' among visitors during this season. The ballot papers are to be filled up at the end of meals, when the replete diner will be asked to say which dishes he most enjoyed; so that when all the forms have been collected and analysed, the best ways of preparing the specialities of the district can be satisfactorily established for the benefit of future visitors. Now has there ever been a British holiday resort which either prided itself on its food or announced an intended improvement in this direction, or dared to take a gastronomical ballot of its population in August? English holiday-makers often endure rather than enjoy what they eat when they are away from their own homes. Yet holidays, after all, are the one time of the year when the average person has real leisure to enjoy meals, when the urgency of having to hurry away to work no longer applies. Why should not our watering-places and country districts rival each other in the matter of food and drink, so that 'East for Epicureanism' or 'South for Satisfaction' may become popular slogans? Every traveller who returns from Europe has some tale to tell of the wonderful dishes that he discovered. There is no reason why holiday-makers who 'see Britain first' should not be able to join in such discussions on equal terms.



duced are in the symbols and lettering which accompany the Royal head; these symbols are interchanged so as to provide modifications of design without alteration to the fundamental character of the stamps. Thus, laurel leaves are used to represent Triumph and Reward, an olive branch Peace and Good Will, oak leaves and acorns Strength and Stability. Bearing in mind the necessity of obtaining a varied range of tones by means of the photogravure process used to print the stamps, the designs represent a competent piece of workmanship which we hope the public will appreciate to such an extent as to encourage further experiments in due course along the same lines with our everyday stamps.

The high figures for maternal mortality in Great Britain have given rise to much heart-searching during the last few months. The rate is not only 40 per cent. higher than in Holland, for instance: it has risen from 3.82 to 4.51 in the last ten years. For

*Ancient Britain Out of Doors**Rome and After*

By J. N. L. MYERS and JACQUETTA HAWKES

J. N. L. MYERS: The Roman period gives us the first real buildings in Britain. The Romans knew all about bricks and mortar and concrete, and they brought this knowledge to Britain, and built towns and fortresses and country houses just as we do today. They were great engineers and architects and townplanners.

JACQUETTA HAWKES: But what did the Britons think of it all? How did they react to all this new activity?



Roman fortress and amphitheatre in Caerleon from the air

A. Amphitheatre. B. Wall of fortress (still standing.) C. Site of South Gate. D. Camp of the Legionaries. E. Site of Praetorium. F. Site of Roman Baths. G. Mound of castle in Middle Ages. H. Inn in which Tennyson wrote some of the 'Idylls of the King'. I. Modern bridge

National Museum of Wales

MYERS: In the southern part of the country they took to it very kindly. Once the first difficulties of conquest were over, they were only too anxious to copy and imitate their new masters, and to learn all the tricks of the new trades. There is nothing very surprising in that. I can think of several modern parallels to the sort of thing that happened.

HAWKES: Do you mean it was something like the opening up of Africa, say, in the last fifty years?

MYERS: Yes, that is the idea. There you have European ways and standards of life being brought in, towns and roads being built, and the natives buying European goods, and learning European languages—civilising themselves all the time.

HAWKES: But I imagine this thorough Romanisation wasn't universal? There must surely have been a large population too poor to afford all the new improvements?

MYERS: That's true enough. There were villages where the people went on living in much the same way as they did before the Conquest, but it is safe to say that even the humblest peasants weren't altogether uninfluenced.

HAWKES: It all sounds very peaceful and pleasant. Why is it that most people think of the Roman Conquest as a matter of armies and battles and the rule of the strongest? Were all the Britons really so keen to be conquered and civilised?

MYERS: No. Of course one mustn't overdo it. And there were great differences between the British tribes in different parts of the country. In the south and east, what we have said about the Britons taking kindly to the higher material civilisation of Rome was perfectly true—and the proof of it lies in the fact that after the first twenty-five years or so—I should have said that the Conquest began in A.D. 43—it was quite unnecessary for the Romans to keep any troops there at all. The people were so busy absorbing the new standards of life and sampling the delights of town life and having hot baths and one thing and another that they forgot about the glories of liberty and the in-

dependence they had lost. But in the north and west the people and the country were much wilder. The savage tribes saw no advantage in losing their freedom; Rome put forth all her efforts to conquer them, but though she succeeded in part and for a time, in the long run they fought her to a standstill. The Scottish highlands were never conquered, and the Romans had to build an elaborate system of defence across North Britain, and even behind this, to maintain a network of forts and roads in West Yorkshire, Westmoreland and Lancashire to hold down the unruly tribes. And of civilised life in the sense of towns and properly built farms and country houses there was in this whole region practically none. Even Wales, which was successfully pacified within forty years of the Roman landing, never developed civilised life in the Roman sense: the people seem to have gone on living in the hill-top strongholds of their Iron Age ancestors, and the Roman remains, strictly speaking, are almost wholly military—forts and roads—though it is true that the forts don't seem to have been occupied all the time, as they had to be in the North, by full-strength garrisons.

HAWKES: I see: then in looking for Roman remains out of doors we have got to remember whereabouts in Britain we are.



Caerleon: entry to amphitheatre

Will F. Taylor

I mean it is no good hoping to find villas in Durham or the Pennines or in Scotland. There one can only expect military forts and so on?

MYERS: Precisely: and in the south if you come across Roman remains the chances are that they have nothing to do with the army, but are part of a town or country house or farm. One can't draw a hard and fast line: but roughly speaking, if you went from Exeter to Newport (Monmouthshire), thence to Chester, thence to York, you would have the military area on your left, that is west and north of you, and the civil area on your right, or south and east.

HAWKES: Well then: which of the two shall we talk about first?

MYERS: Perhaps it would be best to take the army first, and talk about the Romans in the north and west of Britain.

HAWKES: All right. By the way, how was the Roman army in Britain organised?



Pevensey Castle: western gate

MYERS: For most of the time regular troops consisted of three legions—each with a paper strength of some 4,000–5,000 men—together with a number of auxiliaries. The three legions had fixed bases during the greater part of the occupation at York, Chester and Caerleon (near Newport in South Wales). They were the greatest fortresses in the country.

HAWKES: You said there were also a lot of auxiliary troops besides the three legions. Where were they stationed?

MYERS: All over the military areas in smaller forts. I think the best place to see them is all along the frontier line of the Roman Wall. You remember I said earlier on that after a time the Romans found they couldn't conquer Scotland?

HAWKES: Yes, and so they had to build a fortified frontier to show exactly how much they thought they could hold.

MYERS: Exactly. That frontier was the Wall. It was built under the orders of the Emperor Hadrian who came over himself to see to the defence of Britain in A.D. 122. It was a complicated scheme and we haven't time to go into the details of it which are being slowly worked out by careful excavation, but the essence of the frontier was the wall itself running continuously all the way from Bowness on the Solway, west of Carlisle, to Wallsend on the Tyne, east of Newcastle—seventy-three miles from end to end. Then just behind the wall they built a number of those auxiliary forts we were talking about to house the garrisons, and at every Roman mile there was a little fort called a milecastle and between every two milecastles are two turrets, little towers built into the

wall, which I suppose were useful as sentry boxes, watch towers and also as signal stations, so that messages could be sent quickly by smoke signals or other means from one part of the frontier to another. There is still a good deal of the Wall left in places. Of course, especially at the east end it gets lost in industrial areas like Tyneside, but you can trace the line of it without much trouble nearly all the way, especially if you take Collingwood's edition of Bruce's *Guide to the Wall* with you.

HAWKES: But wasn't there another Roman wall somewhere further north?

MYERS: You are thinking of what is called the Antonine Wall, which runs from Old Kilpatrick on the north bank of the Clyde to Bridge-ness on the south shore of the Firth of Forth. That was built about twenty years later than Hadrian's Wall, when the Romans made a fresh attempt to hold part of Scotland. The line they chose was much shorter, only thirty-six miles against seventy-three, but for various reasons it was only held for forty or fifty years, and seems to have been violently destroyed. Partly for this reason, its remains are not so impressive as those of Hadrian's Wall, but you can still trace considerable stretches of the turf wall, especially in the central part, and find the sites of some of the forts on it.

HAWKES: Is there anything else you want to talk about before you get on to the civil districts of Britain, away from the army?

MYERS: There are one or two things. For example, I know someone will tell me I am all wrong to have said that the Roman army spent all its time in the north and west of Britain,



Scarborough Castle, which stands on the same site as the Roman shore fort

Photos: Will F. Taylor

unless we say something about the Saxon Shore. Towards the end of the Roman period—even before A.D. 300 and increasingly as time went on—the new danger of Saxon raids from over the North Sea started. We all know that it was the Angles and Saxons who eventually wrecked Roman Britain in the fifth century, but not everyone realises that for more than 100 years before that the Romans had successfully kept them off by building a series of forts all along our east and south coasts

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from Lincolnshire (probably) round to the Isle of Wight—and there were one or two in Wales as well, as at Cardiff and Caernarvon, to cope with the corresponding danger from the Irish. These forts were quite unlike the earlier Roman forts with their wide gates and low ramparts. Instead, they had high strong walls with towers at intervals and narrow gates. In fact they look much more like mediæval castles than the earlier Roman forts.

HAWKES: Is there much left standing of these forts of the Saxon Shore, as you call them?

MYERS: Yes, of several. The best known is Richborough in Kent, where a lot of excavation has been done since the War, and the whole site is preserved as an ancient monument. Then, at Pevensey, there is another with the mediæval castle in one corner. If you want to see what a fort of this kind must have looked like, you should look at Cardiff Castle. Most of what you see now from the street is quite new, but it has been rebuilt on the old lines.

HAWKES: You said that these forts don't run further north than Lincolnshire. Was the coast north from there left unprotected?

MYERS: It was not apparently protected in the same way. I suppose it was felt at first that the garrisons of the older forts

the other hand, Roman civilisation was unthinkable without town life, so one of the chief ways that Romanisation spread was through the building of towns.

HAWKES: But what happened to the Britons living in the hill-camps?

MYERS: Generally they had to leave them and move down to newly-founded towns of Roman type near by. The famous camp of Maiden Castle, for instance, is the British predecessor of Roman Dorchester, two miles away, and we know of other pairs of this kind—British camp and Roman city.

HAWKES: If most of the towns were new, I suppose they were laid out very regularly with straight streets crossing at right angles, and lots of room for public buildings in the middle? The sort of thing town planners dream about today.

MYERS: Yes. Only, of course, they had walls round them, like mediæval town walls, which, unlike the arrangement of the streets, are often irregular in shape, suggesting that they were added later.

The biggest of these towns was London—it covered about 330 acres and it is easy to think what that means because it is just the same area as what we call 'the City' today. The other



Caerwent from the south

inland were sufficient protection for the north of England. But later on, within thirty or forty years of the end of Roman rule in Britain, they did supplement this by putting a series of little signal stations along the Yorkshire coast, to give warning to the garrisons inland of the approach of pirate fleets. Five of them are known between Filey and Saltburn. They all occupy magnificent positions on headlands commanding a wide view over the sea. The best preserved is at Scarborough on the Castle Hill. There are one or two rather similar Roman signal stations on the Devonshire coast, on Exmoor; I expect there were lots of others.

HAWKES: Now I want to get on to the parts of Britain where civil life was normal. You mentioned towns: let's begin with them.

MYERS: The first thing to notice about the Roman towns in Britain is that they were all new.

HAWKES: You mean that they were built by the Romans on sites which had not been towns before?

MYERS: Yes, that, I think, is broadly true. You see, there was nothing that could really be called town life in Britain before. On



Roman villa at Chedworth, Glos.



Offa's Dyke, near Montgomery

towns of any size one can divide into classes, the self-governing towns of official rank and the tribal capitals. There were four towns which were settlements of time-expired veterans from the army. These were Lincoln, Colchester, Gloucester and York. And there was one other town, Verulamium or St. Albans, which was called a *municipium* or self-governing town whose citizens had certain privileges, even although they were not all old soldiers. These five made up the first class I mentioned.

HAWKES: I see. What about the second?

MYERS: The tribal capitals? Each of the native tribes in Britain had an administrative centre, rather like our county towns, only the areas of most of the tribes were larger than our counties. There seem only to have been about a dozen towns of this kind all told.

HAWKES: I noticed that four of the self-governing towns you mentioned—Lincoln, Colchester, Gloucester and York—are all the sites of big modern towns, so I suppose we know little about them individually. Is that true of the tribal capitals as well?

MYERS: Of some certainly—such as Canterbury, Winchester or Leicester. But there are, fortunately, others which were completely deserted after the Roman period and have never become towns since, and of these we know something of the plan and the history from excavation. Silchester, for example, in north Hampshire, has been completely excavated, though you can see nothing there now except the ruined walls and the overgrown site of the amphitheatre. At Wroxeter, not far from Shrewsbury, you can still see a good deal of the remains of the public buildings in the middle of the town, which have been excavated at various dates. Caerwent, in Monmouthshire, has very fine town walls preserved. And I ought to mention, while speaking of Roman town walls, that there are extensive remains at Colchester, including parts of two gates; and at Lincoln, the so-called Newport Arch is a Roman town gate still substantially complete.

HAWKES: Could you tell me something about the excavations at Roman St. Albans? There is such a vast amount to see there.

MYERS: Yes, and the excavations have rightly received a lot of publicity, for Roman Verulamium was the third largest town in Britain, and, as we said, the only *municipium*. And a good deal of interest has been discovered: the walls are very fine, there are foundations of houses with some remarkable mosaic pavements: and the remains of the only open air theatre of the classical type known in Britain. Some people would say that the Roman baths at Bath give one a better idea of Roman town architecture than anything else in the country. They are certainly preserved in a remarkable way. Yet we must not forget that the building they represent was a very unusual one. For, of course, at Bath the attraction was the natural medicinal hot-springs—and though bathing establishments were a normal feature of every Roman town, and indeed, of every house of any pretensions, yet most places had to make arrangement for heating their own water.

HAWKES: I'm glad you mentioned baths. It has often surprised me in looking at Roman remains to see the amount of bathing the people seem to have done.

MYERS: Yes, it is odd at first sight. But it seems easier if you remember that Romanised people didn't just bathe to get clean. You went to the baths to meet your friends or discuss trade or politics or to talk scandal. The baths were more like public clubs than anything else. And the actual washing was a very minor part of the process. Most of it was more on the principle of a Turkish bath. You passed through a series of hot steamy rooms of varying temperatures, heated with hot air under the floor and in flues up the walls, which made you perspire and slowly cooled you off again. And you could talk to your friends all the time. It was part of the daily routine of the upper and middle classes to bathe in this way, whether they were in town or in their country villas.

HAWKES: That seems to me an excellent idea—unless there were too many Colonel Blimps about, retired from the Roman Army! But how about villas, let's go on to them. I imagine villa is a name that has been very vaguely applied?

MYERS: Yes. It has been used to cover almost any sort of Roman building which isn't in a town. But generally it means either a country house or a farm: and they were often almost the same thing, for most of the country houses were centres of

big agricultural estates, and many farms were more 'residential'—in the estate agent's sense—than most farm houses today. They mostly had quite extensive suites of baths, for example. In plan they vary a good deal. The smaller ones usually have a single range of rooms connected by a corridor along the front—and sometimes another behind. Often they have projecting wings at each end. The larger ones are sometimes built round three or four sides of an open courtyard. Some have been left open after excavation. I can think of three at once, at Folkestone in Kent, Bignor in Sussex, and Chedworth in Gloucestershire. All these are large establishments.

HAWKES: I suppose the main things which held together the different parts of the province were the Roman roads?

MYERS: Yes. I had almost forgotten about them. And yet they are the most enduring and useful legacy of Rome to present-day England. It is surprising how many of them are still in use.

HAWKES: Were they built by the army?

MYERS: I think so. At any rate the main scheme of roads radiating from London to East Anglia, to the north, to the north-west, and to the west, is clearly laid out in reference to the military areas we have talked about. Of course they served the towns as well, and there were cross-roads too and branch roads specially designed to link up the towns that were not on the main roads. The Ordnance Survey Map of Roman Britain shows them extraordinarily well.

HAWKES: You called this talk 'Rome and After'. We haven't said much about *after* yet, have we? What happened when the Roman army had to leave Britain in the fifth century?

MYERS: In a sense there is not much to say. The Angles and Saxons in the fifth and sixth centuries finally broke up the civilisation of Roman Britain and destroyed its buildings and culture. And they themselves were a very primitive people from the cultural point of view at first. They left hardly any marks on the countryside. They did not build great fortified camps to live in, but lived in squalid huts in undefended villages. The most interesting things are some mysterious frontier dykes, that seem to belong to this time, and probably mark temporary arrangements in the struggle between Britons and Saxons or between different groups of one or the other. The longest of these is the Wansdyke which runs from near Hungerford in Berkshire down to the Bristol Channel, just south of the Avon. Then there is Bokerly Dyke, south of it in Dorset. You can see a fine stretch of it from the road between Salisbury and Blandford. And there are others, like the Devil's Dyke on Newmarket Heath in East Anglia, or the Grim's Ditches in the Chilterns and Berkshire and in North Oxfordshire.

HAWKES: Is Offa's Dyke along the Marches of Wales one of this lot?

MYERS: It is the last of the series, built almost certainly by the great king Offa of Mercia in the eighth century A.D. to mark off his land from the Welsh. It belongs to the time when the Saxons were settling down to civilised life, almost to the beginning of the Middle Ages.

Broadcasting in Wales and the West Country

THE PROBLEM OF GIVING separate Regional services to Wales and the West of England has had the attention of the B.B.C. for many years. Hitherto the international situation has precluded their having separate wavelengths, but during the past year considerable progress has been made in the methods used for operating two stations on the same wavelength. In view of the prospect of operating further stations (projected or under construction) in this way, it now seems that it may be practicable for a wavelength to be provided for a West Regional Transmitter in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, with which a relay transmitter might be associated to serve the Bristol area.

Although such a station could not serve the whole of the West and South West Counties, it would serve a large proportion of the population concerned, and this would make it possible to allot the present West Regional transmitter at Washford Cross to the Welsh service. To cater for the North of Wales a relay station is to be established in the Bangor area. The construction of the proposed new station in the South West cannot begin until the feasibility of synchronising the other stations concerned has been demonstrated.

Music

The Kreisler 'Transcriptions'

By M. D. CALVOCORESSI

THE Kreisler incident, unique in several respects, is but one of the happenings which, every now and again, invite us all to take stock of our position as music-lovers and judges of music. Even though no particular importance was ever ascribed to the so-called transcriptions—which, as everybody knows by now, were mere pasticcios, the work of Kreisler alone; even though there does not seem to be a single instance of any of these having been included in a critical study of any of the alleged composers' style or output, the fact remains that they were accepted by all concerned, and, apparently, enjoyed by many. This page being devoted to music and not to ethics, it is with the musical aspect of the matter that I shall deal.

Let us first consider how far the authorship of a work of art affects our attitude towards it—again apart from any question of right or wrong: I am not asking whether it ought to affect us or not, but simply whether it does.

There is no glossing the fact that it affects most of us considerably; and it is only natural that it should at the start. A known composer's name leads us to expect something more or less definite: a certain standard and certain specific features. Every known work of his has prepared us for the new work which we are about to hear or study. We have placed all his previous achievements to the credit (or to the debit) side of his account. Then, there is the influence of what we know of his personality, aims, and deserts generally. The more experience we have in matters pertaining to our particular art, the better we realise that it does happen thus.

Even those of us who devoutly wish to believe that the only evidence on which a work of art should be judged—or comprehended—is that contained in the work just as it stands, are bound to acknowledge that it is an ideal, which may provide a useful discipline but will never be reached. To listen to unknown works that strike an unfamiliar note is nearly always a hard task; to do so without knowing their authorship can be a most gruelling experience. A few years ago, Arnold Schönberg created a sensation by declaring that when he heard a work of his for the first time he was as disconcerted as any listener could be. How then will a listener fare who lacks, not only all knowledge of the conditions that brought the music into being, but even the knowledge that it is the work of a composer whose earnestness of purpose and capacity for doing exactly what he sets out to do are beyond question?

A number of anecdotes in the history of all arts testify to the influence which ascription of authorship may have. Some are more picturesque than really instructive: but still they show how the wind blows. We have all heard of Michelangelo (or was it Cellini?) burying, after having broken one arm off, a statue he had just completed, and of the praise which this statue, discovered in the course of excavations, won from patrons who were ever proclaiming that the sculpture of their own time was not a patch on that of the old Greeks. Then there is that chorus from the 'Enfance du Christ', which, produced as the work of an imaginary old master, 'Pierre Ducre', delighted one of Berlioz' most uncompromising censors. More perturbing is the Dresden 'Venus', which attracted little attention until proclaimed to be the work of Giorgione.

In music the situation is unquestionably worse than in the other arts. There exists, as Mr. Ernest Newman pointed out in an article on the Kreisler revelations, 'no really critical standard where music in general is concerned'. And so, while a number of professionals, and of listeners too, turn for help to sources such as the composers' life-history, their intentions, real or alleged, or to comparisons with indisputable masterpieces, others, on the contrary, incline more and more to go, in matters of judgment, by their own feelings and experience, satisfied that however subjective and 'sensitised-plate-like' their judgments may be, they have as good a chance of being sound as judgments pronounced in accordance with the most objective standards. Only the other day, Hans Mers-

mann, an experienced writer on æsthetics who has specialised in the study of the objective features of musical works, endorsed (in an *Essay Towards an Æsthetic of Values*) the view that, even though the artistic value of a musical work may be an objective reality, it can only be determined *via* the valuer's individual outlook—which means, more or less, subjectively.

The question whether listeners would have found the Kreisler pieces equally attractive had these been presented under their true colours is insoluble. There can be no doubt that the awe in which illustrious names are held (awe at times so great that many people are honestly unable to believe that the classical masters could ever have written dull stuff) helped to predispose listeners favourably and to make the pieces popular. In short, the ascriptions served as pointers, supposed to be objective, to judgments admitted to be subjective. But what about another question, the question of style-features, apart from any consideration of artistic value—one which experienced students are expected, as a matter of course, to be able to solve objectively? Mr. Newman has replied that there are in the style of every school and period and almost every composer a number of externals, of formulæ, which can be imitated quite easily. The Kreisler pieces, as already mentioned, had never been submitted to a searching test. And, even if they had, it is quite possible that they would have been accepted as arrangements of actual works (perhaps not very inspired ones) by Couperin and Pugnani and so on. There never has been any reason to suppose that these particular composers whose names Kreisler used were, any more than any other composer, above the weakness of turning out pieces in which their usual formulæ did all the work.

In short, the Kreisler affair does not constitute a test-case. But once at least, not so long ago, an affair occurred which did, showing how easily an imposing majority of style-experts could be hoodwinked in circumstances when the point at issue ought to have been—as we all saw after the deception had been exposed—self-evident. This was when Dr. Wilhelm Rust, a grandson of the composer Friedrich Wilhelm Rust (1739-1796), succeeded in persuading the musical world that a number of sonatas, retouched and extended in flagrant imitation of certain of Beethoven's innovations, were original compositions of his grandfather, who accordingly was hailed as one of the greatest, although the least known, among Beethoven's precursors. The faked sonatas (one of them extended to 500 bars, against 286 in the original manuscript) were published in 1888; and until 1912 nobody, except for a few cool-headed scholars, such as de Wyzewa in France and Shedlock in England, jibbed at the incongruous mixture of original work and spurious adjuncts, of eighteenth-century style and nineteenth-century style. Yet, as the issue was not on a handful of minor pieces, but on works alleged to illustrate an important phase in the evolution of instrumental music, we may suppose that the experts concerned (the matter did not go beyond them and it was only when the fraud was exposed that it reached the public at large) gave the sonatas their best attention.

In 1912 the truth was discovered by a Rust specialist, not because his suspicions had been aroused, but because he longed to explore the Rust fund in the Berlin library where it lay, in the hope of discovering further treasures of the same kind.

I shall not pursue the history of the Rust case further or attempt to present it as an illustration of the fallibility of criticism. It is enough, after all, that one or two critics should have refused to be taken in: just as (to revert to the Kreisler pieces) it is enough that the masterpieces of classical music should be, in Mr. Newman's words, 'filled with a personal something that no imitation could achieve', mere externals and second-rate stuff generally being more or less easily imitable. Arnold Bennett once said that anybody could give the first few hammerstrokes which go to the making of a horseshoe, but only a trained smith can carry the task to the end. So listeners, and also students of criticism, may be of good cheer.

RADIO NEWS-REEL APRIL 15-18

A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



JUBILEE PREPARATIONS

Elaborate arrangements are being made in London for the King's Jubilee procession on May 6. The picture above shows a stand built against the Church of St. Mary le Strand with the prices of the seats marked. The stand faces West, and the prices range from three to twelve guineas



THROUGH THE ADMIRALTY ARCH

A view of the tall poles surmounted with crowns, which have been erected on both sides of the Mall for the Jubilee procession



DR. SVEN HEDIN'S JOURNEY

Dr. Sven Hedin has just completed a four-thousand-mile journey into the wild interior of Chinese Turkestan. He left Peking in October, 1933, and travelled across the Western corner of the Gobi Desert to Hami and Urumchi, returning by a more southerly route *via* Suchow. His object was to survey the ground for a new motor road which the Chinese Government talks of building to Sinkiang. The picture on the left is taken from Dr. Sven Hedin's book, *Across the Gobi Desert* (Routledge), and shows one of his earlier expeditions traversing part of the desert in the region through which the road is to be built

THE BUDGET

Mr. Neville Chamberlain opened his fourth Budget in the House of Commons on April 15. His chief proposals for the new year are: a concession of half the present tax on taxable income below £135; increased allowance of £10 for children, after the first; 1931 salary cuts restored in full; fresh powers for borrowing, both on local account and for conversion purposes; reduced entertainment tax in theatres—sixpenny seats in cinemas freed of tax; commercial vehicles tax reduced—duty on heavy oil increased; four-and-a-half millions taken from the Road Fund—increased road programme. The Chancellor ended his speech with these words: 'Broadly speaking, we may say we have recovered in this country 80 per cent. of our prosperity. Our task now is to win back the remaining 20 per cent. without jeopardising the confidence we have already established. Given peace abroad and a fair measure of unity at home, I see no reason why we should not, during the current year, make a further substantial advance towards prosperity. It is with this conviction that I have framed my Budget estimates.'



PROTECTION AGAINST AIR ATTACK

The Home Secretary told members of the House of Commons last week about the special department of the Home Office which is being formed to explain to Local Authorities what measures they should take to safeguard the civil population against attack from the air. Here are some pictures of the elaborate precautions—gas-proof shelters, masks and imitation air-raids—which have already been adopted in other countries against the danger from the air. Below are telephone girls in a demonstration at Tokio



GERMANY

An imitation of a blind shell in a Berlin street during the exercises in protection against air attack last month



AUSTRIA

Firemen looking after pretended gas victims in the streets of St. Polten



ITALY

Attendants picking up casualties in a mock gas attack in the streets of Milan



FRANCE

A gas-proof shelter in the basement of a factory at Roubaix

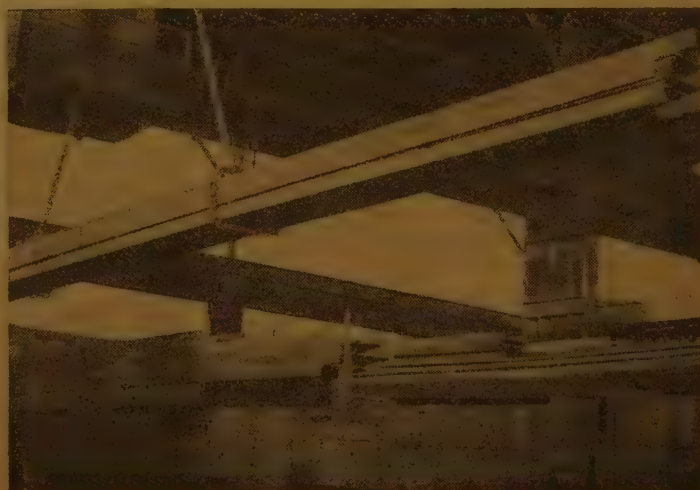
BRITISH STEEL INDUSTRY

The duties on imported foreign iron and steel products have been raised. The President of the Board of Trade explained that a considerable advance in the reorganisation of the industry had taken place in almost all areas. In the meantime negotiations are to continue between the British industry and the Continental Steel Cartel for some agreement as to the allocation of markets and steel imports. With the new duties it is hoped that an arrangement satisfactory to both sides will be reached. Below is a photograph of British steel being loaded on to railway trucks



THE GUERNSEY MURDER TRIAL

Mrs. Gertrude Elizabeth de la Mare was sentenced to death at Guernsey on April 16 for the murder of her employer, a seventy-six-year-old farmer named Alfred Brouard. The jurors agreed that she committed the crime, but on the question of her sanity they differed. Six found her sane, and five insane. It was this verdict that determined the death sentence; but on the application of both the prosecution and the defence, it was announced that there would be a stay of execution 'until His Majesty's pleasure was known'. The picture shows the farmhouse where the crime was committed



By courtesy of Dorman Long & Co., Ltd.

*Filming Plants and Animals**Probing the Secrets of Wild Life*

By OLIVER G. PIKE

MANY years ago, a small boy purchased a camera. This wonderful instrument cost three shillings and sixpence. To him this was a fabulous sum, but included in the outfit was a camera that really did take photographs, plates, paper, chemicals and a tripod. This youth, who always liked value for money, wrote a furious letter to the makers because the tripod wobbled! A year later he became the proud possessor of a better camera, and with this began to photograph our British birds. That boy was myself, and I have never regretted having taken up this fascinating work. As photography advanced, I tried to keep up-to-date; colour photography became an accomplished thing, and we began to take nests in their natural colours. Then came cinematography, and I could see this would open up a wonderful field of exploration.

It was thirty-one years ago when I took my first films of our British wild birds. My apparatus was so noisy that most birds were frightened, and flew away directly I began to turn the handle of the camera. We had to use many little dodges to overcome this drawback; one, I remember, was to hold a tin containing stones, and to rattle it continuously until my shy sitters got used to it, then the rattle was stopped, and the turning of the camera handle began.

Modern apparatus has made this branch of photography easier than it was in those early days; cameras are now more silent, and telephoto lenses have made it possible for us to

obtain some wonderful secrets of wild life, while the marvellous slow-motion camera has shown us the mechanics of flight. This camera takes two hundred and forty pictures every second, and when these are shown on the screen at the usual rate of twenty-four per second, all action is greatly slowed down.



Caught in the act

The cuckoo laying her own egg in a pipit's nest, and holding in her beak the egg she had previously stolen from the nest

Copyright photo by O. G. Pike and E. P. Chance

I took a film, 'Nature's Gliders', which showed us for the first time how birds balance themselves on landing. When we watch a bird with our eyes, the wings appear to be brought rapidly to the sides, but the slow-motion film depicts how cleverly the bird balances its body, with three rapid actions, as the wings close. When the bird takes off, the legs are used to balance its body by being waved backwards and forwards several times; but they are tucked right under the tail when full speed is attained. Another thing we learned was that when starting the wing strokes are circular, but revert to the up-and-down movement in full flight. But one of the most interesting things the slow-motion film showed was the action in the gannet—that great sea-bird which Mr. Julian Huxley described to you a fortnight ago. The gannet has a six-foot

stretch of wing and it uses its tail as a propeller when gliding.

And here is another fact which the camera has revealed—where the mysterious cuckoo lays her egg. After several years of intensive field observation, my friend Mr. Edgar Chance made the great discovery that female cuckoos always lay their eggs direct into the nests like other birds, and I shall never forget



The young cuckoo takes up the fight on its own account

The beginning of the struggle. The young cuckoo is underneath and (in this case) the reed-warbler on its back

The young cuckoo raises its wings and gets it on the edge of the nest



With a final push, the young cuckoo pitches its companion over the side of the nest



The rightful owner gone, the cuckoo takes full possession of the nest

the excitement when I crept out of my hide with the first film record of her arriving at the nest, stealing an egg, holding this in her beak, then laying her own egg in its place. Cine-photography had smashed for all time the ancient fallacy that she carried her egg in her beak to drop it into the nest. By means of the cine-camera hundreds of other secrets have been taken from woodland, field and shore, and hundreds more await solution.

Then again the cine-camera showed us the wonderful



The photographer gets his camera ready—

struggle of the young cuckoo when it ejects its nest companions. Before my film of this scene was taken, I doubt if more than two dozen people had ever looked upon it. The film showed how the apparently helpless and blind young bird, only out of the egg about forty-eight hours, went down to the bottom of the nest, worked its body about until it had one of the other occupants of the nest on its back, then, with a marvellous exhibition of strength, pitched it right over the side of the nest. After a rest of a few minutes, this little villain threw out the second youngster, and so on until the nest was empty. Only the cuckoo remained.

Before I took my film 'Brock the Badger', everyone thought that the badger killed its prey with its powerful teeth, but I was able to show that after capturing a mole, a frog or small rabbit, the badger never used its jaws, but killed its prey by treading on it, and rolling it over and over—a most remarkable way of killing, but a very rapid and very effective one, for the long claws and strong pads on the feet of badgers are powerful weapons. The cine-camera also showed the surprising immunity of the badger against bee stings, for in one scene the robber breaks open a nest of wild bees, and greedily devours comb, honey, and bees, while hundreds of bees are trying to drive their stings into his thick fur, but the badger seems to be quite unaffected.

My camera was made specially for me by a British firm; it holds two hundred feet of film and has a battery of lenses for various scenes. With these I can take pictures of objects within a few inches of the camera, or by fitting powerful tele-photo lenses take scenes of birds at distances of one hundred or more feet. When exposing, there is a certain amount of noise, very much like that of a sewing machine, but I discovered years ago that practically all birds take no notice of a continuous noise, if it is not too harsh or grating. The smooth sound of the film passing through the camera has no effect upon them, and they go on with their duties in a perfectly natural manner. When I am exposing, I press a small lever and the silent clock-work mechanism in the camera does the rest. My tripod is small and light, with a universal top which means that I am able to turn the camera in any direction while the film is being exposed. This is important when filming birds in flight, for both my hands are free and, with a specially con-

structed finder, I am able to pick up and follow a bird as it twists and turns in the air above.

I don't know how many times I have been asked how I get my pictures. Do I disguise myself as a tree or bush? Have I some wonderful influence over wild creatures? Does my camera hypnotise them, or do I, when stalking them, paralyse them after the manner of the tropical snakes? I don't do any of these things. First I study the habits of the wild creature I want to photograph. That job may take several days, but it will save an enormous amount of waiting and disappointment later on. Birds have certain perches on trees and bushes which they use in the same way that a mammal may use a certain track. You find out these favoured places; you discover the times they frequent them, for birds are creatures of habit. If a kingfisher, for instance, has had good fishing from a certain perch say at ten o'clock one morning, he will be back at the same spot the following day at the same time. You do your best to find out the comings and goings of your subject, and then build a hide. A hide usually consists of a canvas tent four feet square, five feet high, on a bamboo framework. After it has been set up it is camouflaged as much like the surroundings as possible.

When you are inside your hide, it is most important that you have a good view of the scene you wish to photograph, also of the surrounding country, so that you can tell when your subject is arriving. A tiny peep-hole in the front of the tent is useless, for with that you get a very limited view; so, to get over this difficulty, I use a small periscope. This is about eighteen inches long and no thicker than a large fountain pen, but with it you can get an uninterrupted view of everything that is going on outside your hide. The view in the eye-piece can be made to synchronise with the view in your camera, so you are able to begin exposing at the right moment.

If there are two people working and if, when all is ready, one goes into the hide and the other walks away, you may wait in vain for hours, for nearly all birds seem to be able to detect your presence. Some of the more cunning birds, members of



—and his assistant takes a walk with a dummy to deceive the bird

Photos: O. G. Pike

the crow tribe, for example, seem able to count up to four. If four people go to the hide, and three only walk away, the crow will know that the fourth is in hiding. I get over the difficulty in a very simple way. After I am in my hide I pass out a coat and hat, my assistant holds out the coat at arm's length, puts the hat on the coat, and talks to the dummy as she walks away. This is a little ruse which nearly always succeeds.

The hours spent in a hide are not wasted, even if you don't get a picture. You are sure to get useful information about your subjects which will help when you make another attempt. Keen fishermen consider a day without a catch worth while—there's always so much of interest to be seen along the river's bank. It's the same when you are waiting in your hide. Some of



Filming birds in flight: (left) three studies of the fulmar petrel, (right) the gannet

my most interesting observations have been made while waiting for my birds to come to the camera. Herons have sat on my hide, resting there for long periods; stoats have come inside and sniffed at my shoes; an inquisitive wren has pushed itself through a small hole and carefully examined every part of my camera, and on another occasion a pair of wrens came into my hide, and actually built their nest within a few inches of my face, during the three days that I spent inside. A merlin brought its prey to my hide and ate it while standing in a square opening I had made with four pieces of wood, and through which my lens was pointing. Little events like this are always happening—waiting is full of interest.

Some birds will do their best to drive the photographer from their haunt. The smaller species have far more pluck than the larger. The great golden eagle flies away long before you reach its eyrie, but the tiny chaffinch has attacked me with all the fury of a little winged demon. The whitethroat will often play the broken-wing trick, doing her best to show you that she is a badly wounded bird, and when you go to pick her up she will drag herself along the ground, always keeping just out of your reach, attracting the supposed enemy fifty yards or more from her nest before she flies away. But the raven, one of our largest and most powerful birds, will sometimes attack. Once my assistant and I had to withstand for two hours the furious onslaught of the female bird while we were perched on the narrow ledge of a steep cliff. Time after time the great bird came down like a feathered dart, only putting on the brake a yard from our faces, while once it struck my companion on his head, knocking his hat over the cliff.

Other birds will behave in a strange way. Once, when I was attempting to film the ringed plover, I waited in my hide for two hours without seeing a sign of it, but when I came out of my hide and was standing with my wife about a yard from the nest, the little bird walked up from the sea and settled on its eggs. She was scared of the hide, but the presence of human beings gave her confidence. The shy water rail once behaved in a similar way; she even allowed me to pick her up. When I released her, instead of flying away, she walked round my feet and snapped up flies from the grass. But these are exceptions; the majority of birds will tax your skill to the utmost. It is a case of pitting your cunning against theirs, and the bird often

WINS.

The filming of our British wild mammals taxes the ingenuity of the photographer even more than filming birds. The fox, the badger and the otter know far more about woodcraft than you do. The first thing one of these animals does after leaving its lair is to sniff the air, for it relies far more upon the sense of smell than of sight for detecting enemies. If only a slight wind is blowing from you towards a fox it will pick up your scent at a distance of a hundred yards.

When I intend to film a fox or badger at the entrance to its underground lair, I construct a hide thirty or forty feet away, building it up a little each day, for any wild animal would be suspicious of an erection which appeared suddenly. On the day that filming is to take place one must be chosen when the light is right and the wind is blowing from the lair to the photographer. The chances are all against the one in the hide; there may not be more than half-a-dozen suitable days in the whole year when conditions are quite right, and then your cunning subject may take it into its head to lie up elsewhere.

But the great charm of filming wild birds and mammals is that it takes you into the homes of wild creatures. You see their home life, you penetrate the secrets of their lives, and what

is best of all, you obtain records for others to see. And I think the reason these pictures appeal to the public so much is the fact that they know they are looking on the real thing.

You sometimes hear nature films being condemned as fakes; but I will defy anyone to make a wild bird or mammal act for the camera. It cannot be done, and what you see on the screen actually takes place. But what the nature photographer can do is to make a number of scenes, taken at different times, into a connected story. My film of an English hedgerow, for example, took me nine months, but in the ten minutes which it appears on the screen it is shown as a continuous story, with the various wild creatures doing their parts. This is not faking, it rather shows the luck of the photographer in getting the scenes he set out to obtain. Before a single picture is exposed a synopsis of the whole film is written out, and it is up to the photographer to do his best to get the stuff. Sometimes he succeeds, but often he doesn't, and in any case the difficulties are innumerable. It is this glorious uncertainty that makes filming wild animals—for me, at any rate—such fascinating work.

Does the Wireless Make You Wiser?

(Continued from last week)

ON the two following pages we publish a second instalment of the sample tests which our Special Commissioner is carrying out among different representative types of wireless listeners in order to find out how far the sources of information opened up to listeners by the broadcast programme have resulted in raising the general level of knowledge about current affairs. Last week's replies aroused considerable interest among our readers and comment in the Press. One or two correspondents have written to us querying whether the 15 questions asked do actually relate to topics which have been dealt with in the wireless programmes during the past three months. We give the following brief list of references to show when and how the 15 questions were dealt with at the microphone:

Question

1. Broadcast News Bulletins: many references during December, 1934, and January, 1935. Talks by Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, Mervyn S. MacDonnell, Margaret Lambert, and broadcast from the Saar, during November-December, 1934, and January, 1935.
2. Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill in the 'India' talks series.
3. Talks in 'American Points of View' series, by Raymond Swing, Sir Frederick Whyte and Sir William Beveridge, January-April, 1935.
4. Discussion between Rt. Hon. Viscount Cecil and Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery on the Peace Ballot (LISTENER, March 13, 1935).
5. Talk by Peter Fleming, February, 1934. Talk by Dame Rachel Crowley, February, 1935.
6. Talks on foreign affairs by Sir Frederick Whyte, Vernon Bartlett, H. Powys Greenwood, and others, during 1934-5.
7. Broadcast News Bulletins: many references during December, 1934, January and February, 1935.
8. Talk by Sir John Simon, February 3, 1935. News Bulletin references regarding cost of air defences, March 4-10, 1935.
9. Talks by Sir William Beveridge, Sir Henry Betterton, R. C. Davison, S. K. Ratcliffe, John Hilton, Sir John Jarvis. News Bulletin references to Report of Commissioners for the Distressed Areas, Nov. 5-11, 1934.
10. Broadcasts by Mr. Hore-Belisha himself in July, August, and October, 1934. Broadcast News Bulletin references to pedestrian crossings, etc., during the same period.
11. B.B.C. Symphony Concert Programme and Introductory Talk, February 20, 1935. Dr. Harvey Grace, articles in THE LISTENER, January 2 and 16, 1935.
12. Dr. A. S. Russell, 'Gold and Diamonds', February, 1935.
13. Discussion between G. M. Bounphrey, John Cadbury, and others, February, 1935, followed by correspondence in THE LISTENER.
14. Broadcast News Bulletin references during January 21-27, 1935, etc.
15. Broadcast News Bulletin: Mickey Mouse Exhibition, February, 1935; Alister Cooke's Cinema Talks, 'Mickey Mouse's Party', etc.

A 'LISTENER' QUESTIONNAIRE
(See page 699)

DOES THE WIRELESS

QUESTIONS	BLACKSMITH	BARMAID	FRUIT GROWER
1. Why did British troops go to the Saar?	I didn't follow because I wasn't interested; I don't know where the Saar is	To make friends with the Germans	To keep the peace
2. Does Mr. Winston Churchill support or oppose the Government of India Bill?	Don't know; I'm not interested; it doesn't amuse me	I didn't know that Mr. Churchill had anything to do with India: I thought that India was governed by this country	Objects to some of the clauses; objects to a good few in fact objects to almost all
3. What is Roosevelt's New Deal?	Never heard of it; it doesn't concern me	Repealing the prohibition laws of America	Making more employment, bigger trade and better prosperity
4. What is the Peace Ballot, and what do you think of it?	People want peace; so long as we get it all over the world, it doesn't matter how. We haven't got over the last war yet	It's a stunt for finding out by a vote what the people think of peace. I think it's a silly stunt	To get heavy weight behind peace and show that the country is in favour of it. Good thing
5. Does Manchukuo belong to China or Japan? ..	I don't know. I never heard of the place. Sounds strange	It sounds as if it ought to be in China, but I'm afraid I've never heard of the place before	Belonged to China, but Japan controls it now
6. Is Germany friendly towards England? ..	I don't think so; I don't trust Germany; I don't know anyone who does. They're very artful over there	Judging by the papers I should think they were, but if they're all like that Hitler man I wouldn't trust them no further than I could chuck him. His face gives me the creeps	To all appearance, but not really
7. Why has Abyssinia been in the news lately? ..	Never heard of Abyssinia; I suppose it's a foreign part	Abyssinia is expecting war from Italy. It's just like one of those Fascist chaps to cause a lot of trouble. Look at the rows they're causing in this country	Italy got on Abyssinian territory
8. How does our Government propose to make us safe in the air? ..	It hasn't made us safe in the air; we all know that	I suppose they're going to build more planes	By making different and more secret routes all over the country to stop German getting to the towns
9. Are the unemployed better off in Britain or elsewhere?	I should think so. Living is cheaper and I believe they get more money than in foreign parts	Yes, they are, although one of them wouldn't say so. After all, it's not much good telling a bloke living on 17 bob a week that he's better off than the blokes in other countries	Yes
10. Who is Mr. Hore-Belisha, and what has he done?	Minister of Transport. He's trying to stop the speed muddle. Motor cars are killing too many people. We were safer with horses, anyone would agree	Minister of Transport. He's done quite a lot of things like slowing down the traffic and putting up crossings. He doesn't seem very popular though, judging by the remarks and funny pictures	Minister of Transport. He's done his work well. This is the best thing he's done
11. Who was Handel? What did he do?	Never heard of him	I think he was a music writer; but he didn't write any decent stuff	Physician [meant musician, wife pointed out]. Bin dead years, but will live
12. Can diamonds be made artificially?	Don't know. Does it matter?	Yes, I bought some in the Strand the other day. Of course they weren't real, but they looked O.K.	No, not real ones
13. Would you rather live in a house or a flat, and why?	House—more private. I've never been in a flat, and I shouldn't like to	I can't say. I've only lived in a house. Since I went to work I've always 'lived in'	More private in a house
14. What does the National Trust do?	Never heard of it	It buys land or something	In trust of national affairs, budget money and so on. As under different men of course
15. Who invented Mickey Mouse?	Don't know, but I like Mickey Mouse	Walt Disney, an American	Don't know
What daily newspaper do you read?	News-Chronicle	Daily Mail, but I'm not fussy	Daily Herald

MAKE YOU WISER?

A 'LISTENER' QUESTIONNAIRE (See page 699)

FITTER	STONEMASON	TAXI-CAB WASHER	CHARWOMAN	SMALLHOLDER
Maintain order and see was no coercion	A mistake. They had no busi- ness to go	To keep order	I really don't know	Interested at the time, but didn't understand much about it. It doesn't interest me really
ports it	Against	I don't know. Anyway this Government can't manage this country, much less govern India	I don't know much about Mr. Winstin. Don't study much	Haven't been listening. What does it matter?
onal Recovery Associa- Pooling the resources of the country for the benefit of state	Don't know	That bloke's always up to something. Last time I heard about him he was on a picture buying some new American shares	Don't know	Know nothing about it. America's a long way off
estionnaire undertaken to out the opinion of the le on armament or dis- ment. I approve of it as a move. We don't want	If everyone filled it up a good thing; but many burned. If you say 'peace or war', I say peace	A whole crowd of people try- ing to find out who wants peace. They can't be very cute or they'd know that we all want it. Pity they ain't got nothink better to do	We've all signed a paper for to have no war: to say that we all want peace—we don't want no war. I don't think we really do either	That interests a lot of people, but I don't think about it
dated territory of Japan	Japan	I don't know. I don't see as how it matters. It sounds too far away to worry about	Don't know	Haven't followed that
only knows!	Yes. I liked working with prisoners of war. They seemed the same as us	I suppose they have to be	I think they are	We don't know what to think about that, do we? Germany doesn't want to show that they're hostile, but I think they are
use the Italians threat- to declare war on them a question of frontiers	Don't know	I don't know, but these black fellows are always up to something	I can't exactly say. He wants to do a lot of things	I don't know that I've noticed Abyssinia. It's nothing to me
increasing the Air Force	Build more airships. Better to do away with all	I know they propose to do so, but what they do intend doing I can't say	It seems as if they have aero- planes and searchlights for us if anyone attacks us	They haven't made us safe; it's about time they started
except that there are no employed in Russia appar-	Yes	Yes. They grumble a lot, but who wouldn't? I've lived on the dole	Yes, I think they are. They do give them labour money, and if they don't, they get public assistance, and I don't think foreign parts give that	I should say we are. They grumble, but this is the best country to live in. They have more to grumble at else- where
first Minister of Trans- who has taken into con- sideration the rights of pedes- trians and other road users by organised system of control the highways	Minister of Transport. Made things better for pedestrians and worse for motorists. Has improved conditions	The Minister of Transport. He sticks large oranges on barbers' poles so as people shan't get knocked down	I can't think	Minister of Transport. Has endeavoured to make roads safer
man musician. Bicenten- of his birth has just been celebrated. Composed chiefly the organ		The only handles I know is on me taxis		A musician. Don't know what he did or where he lives
	No; not real ones	No, but they can be cut	No, I don't think so	They seem to think they can, but whether they can or not, I can't say
se: more independent	House: more private and healthier. Foul air rises up staircase in flat	A house, because there are too many restrictions in a flat	I'd sooner have a flat because I'd have a nice bathroom which we haven't got in our house	House all the time. I like to keep myself to myself
y to retain works of art, from being lost to the on		Something to do with the currency	No, I don't know	Don't know. Never heard of it
t Disney		I seed that Mickey Mouse was started over a thousand years ago in Egypt. The chap wot invented him again was called Walter Destiny	I can't think of his name	Can't say I remember, but I like him
s-Chronicle	Daily Herald	News-Chronicle	Daily Express	East Anglian Daily Times

Religion

The Central Fact of the Resurrection

By the Very Rev. E. G. SELWYN

Broadcast on Easter Sunday from Winchester Cathedral

FEW things are more striking than the prominence given to the Resurrection in the first preaching of the Gospel by the Apostles. More than anything in Christ's life, the Resurrection, with the death on the Cross which preceded it, was the great fact about Jesus which they set themselves to proclaim. Whether it was St. Peter addressing the crowds in Jerusalem or confronting the sceptical ecclesiastics of the Jewish Church or instructing a Roman officer for baptism, or St. Paul trying to fix the minds of the fickle Athenians upon the truth of Christianity or making his last defence before King Agrippa—on all these occasions, before such different types of audience and in such different circumstances, you find the centre of the Christian message to be the Resurrection. Why was it so central? Why is it so today? I think it may be worth while if we try to answer those questions.

From Cowardice to Courage

First of all, there was the effect on the Apostles' own minds: they were changed from doubt, and indeed despair, to certainty—certainty both about their Master Himself, who and what He was, and also about the way of life—the ethic, as we say—which He taught. They had come only gradually to believe that He was the promised Messiah or Son of God; they had always found it hard to make this faith square with the outward conditions of His life; and when it closed in humiliation, suffering and death they felt that their worst misgivings were realised; the last dregs of their confidence forsook them. He had been deluded, and so had they. What the Resurrection did was to *bring it all back*. 'After all', they said, 'we were right: He was and is, all that He said He was, God's only Son, the Saviour of the world'. And any of you who have had the experience of an 'after all'—of finding your faith and hope suddenly vindicated and restored, when everything had seemed to be against them—can understand the difference it made to the whole lives of those men.

And I put that first, because, unless these few men had been absolutely certain both about their Master Himself and His victory, and also about their own calling to spread the news of it, there could have been no Christianity. That is a simple and undisputed fact of history, and perhaps the strongest of all the evidences of the Resurrection. Of course there are other evidences. There was the grave empty, attested positively by those who found it so and negatively by the silence of the Jews, who could so easily have nipped Christianity in the bud if the Body had still been there. There were the appearances too of the risen Lord Himself to men and women who saw and spoke with Him. There is the institution of Sunday, which witnesses week by week to the fact of the Resurrection. But I think that perhaps the most decisive evidence of all is this change in the Apostles, as the result of that first Easter Day, from cowardice to courage and from doubt to certainty.

And isn't that certainty, that confident faith, what people—what you yourself—look to the Church for today? Those Apostles could not tell—and nor can we—what the future had in store for them: they could not see—and nor can we—the triumphs and the disasters, the glories, the troubles and the shames that were to mark the life and history of the Church and of mankind: they had no confidence—and perhaps we have not much—that the existing order of civilisation was to last for long. But they did know—and so do we—that whatever might befall, Christ had overcome sin and change and death, and was alive as their Lord and Guide for ever. And that is the certainty the Church is here to provide. You will make a mistake if you look to the Church for political or economic policies, since they are not the Church's province, and there is no certainty in them at all. Remember that we are 'strangers and pilgrims': which means that in these matters we cannot hope to be much more than opportunists. Our task as Christians—a task which no one else can discharge, if we default—is to bear witness to that 'city which hath foundations, whose

builder and maker is God'. There we can be sure of our ground, as sure today as ever; and, being sure, can live patiently and joyfully until the day dawns and the shadows flee away.

Is the Christian Ideal True?

And great consequences follow—followed then, and follow now. By common consent Christ gives us the supreme example of the sacrificial life, of a life, that is to say, wholly offered to God and to doing His will and carrying out His purpose of love for the world. But was it justified? Are such sacrifices acceptable to God? In other words, is that kind of life—a life which involves denying ourselves and taking up our cross and trying to be unselfish—is that the best kind of life? Is the Christian ideal *true*? There were many people in the Apostles' days, as there are many now, who said No: 'Life is short', they said, 'therefore get all the pleasure out of it you can; satisfy every impulse and desire. Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die'. And (as St. Paul admitted) there is a great deal to be said for that point of view, if the Resurrection is not true. *Why not live selfishly?* Indeed, if this life be all, why not? But the Easter faith points to a fact which robs the question of its sting. If the Gospel story ended with Christ's death on the cross, people might indeed say, 'There, you see the futility of ideals of that kind'. But with the Resurrection following, the ground is cut from under their feet. The Gospel story, ending so, is, at any rate, not a story of the futility of that ideal, but of its victory and power.

A New Relationship Between God and Man

And those who live in this faith know that that is not all. Christ's Resurrection was not just an isolated fact in past history, to teach us a lesson in ethics. It opened up a new relationship between God and man. *Jesus lives*; and in that world where He lives we, too, who believe in Him have our place. This visible, measurable world (which seems so real that we are inclined to think of it as the only reality) is surrounded and interpenetrated by another, an unseen, eternal order which is even more real. Sometimes it is called the world of value: but I think a better name for it is the spiritual world (because there everything is subject to the Spirit of God) or the 'kingdom of Heaven.' Jesus, by His Resurrection from the dead, has opened up for us this other world and brought it near; so that we here, on this earth, while still in the flesh, can even now walk in the Spirit and set our affections on things above. Easter summons you again to take the key of faith and open the door of the castle of your soul, so that Christ may come in and you go out in His companionship for ever.

For ever—yes, for ever: not simply by survival of death—which, after all, need not amount to much, and which many would not desire if it meant only a continuance of this life, but by the possession of a different, fuller, better life beyond the grave. One of the reasons we specially love Easter Day is for the hope Christ's Resurrection gives us of that life; and we reach out to those we love who have passed to a better Easter there. Today, if ever, we realise what it means to be members of that company of all faithful people, living and departed, which we call the Church of Christ, and how much the larger part of it is not on earth at all but in Paradise and in heaven. For here, on Easter Day, mother and father may stand by the grave of their child, the wife beside her husband's, the son beside his mother's, and feel that death's iron hand has been shattered and its wall of separation broken, and that those who rest in Jesus He now leads beside still waters, where sorrow and sighing are no more.

A writer of our day has expressed it very beautifully in a poem called 'Delectable Mountains': it is a description of a country churchyard, and ends with these lines which will appeal to many of you who have laid fresh flowers on some grave this Easter-tide:

Here for those that mourn and are heavy-laden
Is pledge of Christ's entertainment;
Here is no Monday rising from loth bed,
No washing or baking or brewing,
No fret for stubborn son or flighty maiden,
No care for food or raiment—
No sweeping or dusting or polishing need the dead,
Nothing but flowers' renewing.
Here can the widow walk and the trembling mother,
And hear with the organ blended
The swallows' auguring twitter of a brief flight
To a securer maying;

Can foretaste that heavenly park where toil and pother,
Labour and sorrow ended,
They shall stroll with husband and children in stainless white.
With sunshine, and music playing.

Christ is risen! That is still the ground of our confidence
and joy. Christ is risen! The message rings out from every
tower and steeple in Christendom, bidding the fearful heart
be strong; for our Redeemer lives. Christ is risen! comes the
echo back from the great company beyond the grave who have
found at His hands the life eternal.

Freedom

Our Heritage of Liberty

By J. A. SPENDER

Mr. Spender was Editor of the 'Westminster Gazette' from 1896 to 1922, and is the author, among many other works, of 'A Short History of Our Times'

ALL definitions of freedom are unsatisfactory. Some fall short of the mark, others overshoot it; there is a glamour in the word which no other words can convey. I think Sir Ernest Benn a little overshot the mark in the interesting argument for individualist liberty with which he opened these talks. Not all men are so benevolent as Sir Ernest Benn; in less worthy hands this unadulterated individualist liberty too easily becomes 'each for himself and devil take the hindmost'. It seems to me very important that liberty should not be placed in a hostile relationship to co-operation, in which I include the kind of co-operation that a modern State may promote among its members. This requires rules and regulations which always need watching, for they are sometimes unintelligent and easily become vexatious, but they should not be confused with attacks on the citadel of liberty, the citadel whose bastions are Parliamentary Government, free speech, a free press, impartial justice, *habeas corpus*. If we hold the citadel we can control the rest; if we lose the citadel, we lose everything.

Liberty is Built on Peace

I propose to deal here mainly with this citadel and the dangers that threaten it, and for that I enjoy the advantage of being at liberty to talk about liberty, an indulgence which in large parts of Europe would expose me to the rigours of prison cell and concentration camp. The first thought that occurs to me is the very simple one that liberty is built on peace and can have no other foundation. War and disorder are its two great enemies. Our free Government, as we enjoy it, is the substitution of law for force, of argument for physical strife. It is an achievement of many centuries; it rests on the belief that free discussion is the likeliest way of doing justice and reaching sensible conclusions about policy. But it has rules of its own which must be observed. It requires tolerance and mutual forbearance. It requires that minorities shall submit for the time being, when they are outvoted in Parliament; and be content to work for a future in which they will have made their views prevail by reason and argument. If any of these assumptions fail, if our feelings become literally too strong for words, if minorities will not submit and fly from words to blows, or majorities so abuse their power as to drive minorities to physical resistance, then it is all up with liberty. Whichever party is physically the stronger will and must crush its opponents: The Revolutionary inscribes Liberty on his banner, but if he succeeds, he is bound to become a dictator.

Our own Parliament prides itself on being 'Sovereign', and people are apt to think it can do anything, but all through its history it has been groping along the edge of the unmapped boundary which divides the things that can from the things that cannot be settled by argument and reason. Even so recently as the year 1914 it came near crossing this boundary in its disputes on the Irish question. Let it once be crossed and we are outside the region in which discussion avails. The word is now the blow, and the question is simply which party is physically the stronger. No room for liberty here.

This is obvious when we are at war with another nation, but

we are slower to recognise it in our domestic affairs. We hear people talking light-heartedly of class-war, and yet claiming to be champions of liberty. This, if they mean anything by the word 'war', or if they seriously contemplate suspending the forms of free Government, is self-contradiction. No kind of war, class-war or any other, can be reconciled with liberty.

All this is being illustrated for us in many European countries. In these you have the frankly avowed dictatorship of a party which had got on top and has to keep itself on top. That it can only do by silencing its opponents and removing all the guarantees which in the free State the law offers for the life and liberty of the subjects. Its rule covers the whole of life; there is no stopping-place between political and other liberties. Its doctrine must be declared infallible and imposed on the school, the home, the newspaper, the theatre, upon art, science and religion. The idea that political liberty can be sacrificed and other liberties kept proves under this test to be an illusion.

This brings me to one of the most insidious arguments that is being used for the undermining of liberty. It is suggested that political liberty is of no value because we, or many of us, do not enjoy what is called 'economic liberty'. We must be prepared, or so we are told, to sacrifice political liberty in order that we may obtain 'economic liberty'. Communist and Socialist writing abounds in this argument, and I should like for a moment to examine it.

Tyranny of the Emancipator

It is of course true that we are all, in a sense, slaves to our circumstances. There are a few idle rich at one end of the scale and a few tramps at the other, who are so independent of circumstances that they can live what they call the free life. These are not generally thought to be the most admirable specimens of human kind. The rest of us have to earn our living, keep regular hours, do a long day's work and have only short holidays, be careful not to offend against custom and prejudice, show deference to employers and a great many other people whom in our hearts we think to be our inferiors. The lot of some is undoubtedly much harder than that of others, and this inequality is one of the great social evils. Who can but sympathise with the poor man when he cries out that he is a wage slave? It is a cry which strikes a chord in a much wider circle than he sometimes seems to be aware of, for in a multitude of seemingly well-to-do homes there is the same sense of insecurity, the same sense of servitude, the same feeling of being involved in a round of meaningless toil for unappreciative masters.

To mend these conditions, so far as they can be mended, is precisely the aim of all good politics, indeed we may say of civilisation itself, which has no other purpose than to release the spirit of man. But it is surely an extraordinary paradox to suggest that we shall further this object by surrendering our political liberty? Will the workman be better off if he is deprived of the right to strike, the right to vote, the right of voicing his grievances, or promoting his own political party, his freedom from arbitrary arrest and imprisonment? Is Government likely to do better for him or for any of us when the

stream of criticism is cut off, and it is in a position to silence instead of answering its opponents? Is there anything in the condition of the countries which have sacrificed their political liberty to encourage the hope that economic liberty can be won that way? Are the workers better off, are they freer men, are their masters in the Communist or the Fascist State less tyrannical, more considerate? Would any Englishman wish that his country should pass through the same furnace of affliction as Soviet Russia to reach the conclusion which she has reached?

Liberty, equality, fraternity—these three are linked together in the famous formula, and their connection is indeed an intimate one. But it is one of the great ironies of history that the authors of this formula are remembered chiefly as persecutors and terrorists. In his book on Rousseau John Morley quotes a decree issued by one of the Revolutionary Committees shortly after the French Revolution which shows exactly how they passed from the one thing to the other. 'The transition', says this decree, 'of an oppressed nation to democracy is like the effort by which nature rose from nothingness to existence. You must entirely refashion a people whom you wish to make free—destroy its prejudices, alter its habits, limit its necessities, root up its vices, purify its desires'. So spoke Robespierre, so speak his successors, Fascist or Communist, 140 years later. In the name of freedom, in the interests of the oppressed nation, the emancipator must make himself a tyrant. He has his own pattern of freedom, and he must impose it ruthlessly, remorselessly, until human nature conforms to it. It is, he will tell you, a transitional period, but the years pass, human nature is obstinate, it hankers after other patterns, so he must still remain a tyrant.

So beware when you hear the prophets of a new order talking too loudly about men being in chains, or about their 'economic slavery'. They nearly always have some new slavery of their own which they want to enforce upon you and me. There is nothing quite like the fanaticism of men, especially intellectual men, theorists, ideologues, planners on paper, detached from experience, who have persuaded themselves that they have discovered the secret of salvation for the human race. They have no doubts of their own infallibility, or of their mission and duty to impose their creed on the unbelieving, and to use all means to that end. To persecute for the greater glory of humanity becomes to them as grim a necessity as ever it was to persecute for the greater glory of the Church. All politicians and all theorists who treat human kind as if it were raw material on which they can stamp a pattern of their own devising are enemies of freedom. Whoever loves liberty must be aware of his own limitations and think it possible that he may be mistaken. Freedom is the great corrective of human ignorance and frailty.

Private Profit and Economic Liberty

Broadly speaking, we have two types of society presented to us today—one the regimented, disciplined type in which the State undertakes to provide for us all on condition that we obey its rules, think its thoughts, accept what it offers us; the other our own free type which leaves us at liberty to go our own way, to rebel against its rules, to think our own thoughts, to say what we want, to make our private profit. It is customary nowadays to call private profit by rather opprobrious terms, but if you think it out, it plays a considerable, and I would even say a quite respectable, part in economic liberty. For if a man makes profit by selling things to you and me the presumption is that he is supplying things which you and I want, not things which he thinks we ought to want. To be able to pick and choose between the large variety of things with which competing manufacturers and shopkeepers cater for her taste is the British housewife's prerogative. Let her go shopping in Moscow, where she has to wait in a queue for rationed supplies of things which the State thinks she ought to have, or which are the only things it produces, and she will discover how large a part the free choice, linked to private enterprise, plays in her freedom.

Both these types of society are possible, and described on paper the regimented and disciplined type undoubtedly looks much tidier and neater. Indeed, if you assume that human beings can be treated like the inmates of a prison or a workhouse, whose wants can be measured from day to day, and who

can be set to work at any task which their masters prescribe, and at any wage which they think fair, there ought in theory to be no great difficulty in catering for them. In such a community there need be no more unemployed than there are in Dartmoor prison. I say 'in theory', for there would still remain the possibility that the caterers would make mistakes in measuring their quantities, or that harvests would fail, in which case millions would perish, who, if left free to cater for themselves, would have managed somehow to keep alive. All this we have seen in Soviet Russia.

Over against this regimented type is the free Society, of which ours is a leading example, the real contrasted with an imaginary perfection, looking at times very ragged and untidy, bearing on its back all the reproaches for what is wrong and lamentable in human effort and human nature, changing all the time, never perfectly conforming to its own rules, still less to its ideals. Its problem is to reconcile freedom with a more orderly arrangement of life, and some freedom it may have to sacrifice in the process. If I tried to suggest what its aim should be it would be something of this kind—a society in which all would be assured of a sufficient minimum, and the well-to-do required to make all the sacrifices necessary to that purpose, but none prevented from adding to it by his own effort and enterprise; a society which relies on free speech, free criticism, free invention, to carry it forward, and which positively encourages the varieties and inequalities which result naturally from the differing capacities of men and women. It is, after all, these which give spice and flavour to life, and those who get in advance of their fellows show the way to the rest. Discourage the pace-makers and you slow down the whole movement, and do worse and not better for those who lag behind.

We Must Be On Our Guard

Each generation is called upon to find its own balance between the contending principles of liberty and authority, but I believe it to be true that civilisation progresses in so far as on the whole liberty gains on authority. We seem in these times to be in a phase of reaction from liberty. War has familiarised us with authority, and the far-spreading unrest which has followed has made us timid about social order. Liberty is assailed from the right and from the left; in the name of advanced thinking we are asked to embark upon courses which are as perilous to liberty as the frank and open assault on it by avowed reactionaries. It is time to be on our guard. If we allow ourselves to toy with military ideas in our domestic politics, talk light-heartedly of class-war, think of crushing minorities, suspending Parliament, over-riding law-courts in our zeal to build a new Jerusalem; or if, alternatively, we put our political parties into uniforms and train them to be violent if they don't get their way, we are taking liberties with liberty. Liberty will not live in this atmosphere of war. It demands peace, respect for opponents, and the acceptance of evolution, not revolution, as the method of political change.

I have tried to give you practical reasons why we should cherish liberty, but I think of it also as something which possesses what philosophers call absolute value for the human soul, something which no civilised man or woman can lose without loss of self-respect. It is this something which has inspired poets and orators, and made millions of willing martyrs. We have inherited it—we especially in this country. Let us see that we guard it.

SILVER JUBILEE SUPPLEMENT

In commemoration of the Silver Jubilee an eight-page photogravure supplement of Early Portraits of the Royal Family will appear in next week's issue of THE LISTENER. The portraits have been specially chosen from little-known or previously unpublished photographs, and they form a Royal picture gallery which all readers will like to possess



London Horse Sale, by Robert Bevan (pre-War period, 1910-1914)

Art

Twenty-five Years of British Painting

By HERBERT READ

THE Mayor Gallery* must be congratulated on their enterprise in making the Royal Jubilee an occasion for a retrospective exhibition of British painting. Twenty-five years is just long enough as a period to enable us to take stock of definite achievements, and to trace the course of an evolution—if such exists. The fact that the period includes a brief pre-War phase is all to the good, since it will check our inveterate habit of attributing all developments to that cataclysm. Nearly fifty artists have been selected as representative, and though inevitably some names will be missed by some people, it is not until we get to the near end of the series that anyone, in view of the limits of space and catholicity of intention, is likely to question that a more satisfactory choice could have been made.

The pictures fall naturally into five groups, each of roughly five years duration. The pre-War group, except that it includes Orpen and McEvoy, who still linger on in public estimation for their slick pandering to conventional taste, will probably surprise the visitor not merely by its solidity, but also by its comparative boldness. The paintings by Derwent Lees, Innes and Gore might perhaps be accounted for as products of our insular tradition; but the others—Augustus John, Gilman, Bevan, Ginner, Roger Fry, Ferguson and Wyndham Lewis—show that in 1914 a number of English painters were in close touch with the modern movement on the Continent; Wyndham Lewis, indeed, was right on the spot and but for the War, to which senseless interruption he was rightly never quite reconciled, might have established a movement in London of more

than national interest. Gilman, Bevan and Ginner form a very close and coherent group and are all three artists who, by Continental standards, deserve a much bigger reputation. Bevan at his best has some of the classical precision, the purity of form and deliberate harmony of colour which we associate with an artist like Seurat.

The War group is relatively small, but not the less impressive. Indeed, Paul Nash's painting, 'We are making a new world', on loan from the Imperial War Museum, almost dominates the exhibition. This may be partly due to its bitter irony; to its subject-matter, that is to say; but on comparing this group of paintings with the other four groups, one sees the relevance of a subject-matter imposed on the artist by external circumstances. It is not merely that communication is easier within a ready-made emotional frame of reference like the War; the actual urgency of the circumstances did seem to contribute a directness and power to the actual technique of painting. And significantly enough, it was the then most contemporary style, the Cubist, which proved most adaptable to the new content. We might say that if Cubism had not existed before the War, it would have been necessary to invent it.

The post-War group of 1918-1925 seems, in this selection, to mark a strong reaction towards lyricism—as though the world were trying to forget the War in fields and flowers, in quiet interiors and remote still-lives. The impression is partly justified by the historical facts—one has only to recall how difficult it was to publish any realistic war literature during

*18 Cork Street, W.1



7.5 Howitzer, by William Roberts (War period)

the same period. But painters like Wyndham Lewis and William Roberts did live through this same period, and felt no inclination to escape from reality. We may justly, however, regard the idyllic school as more representative; it was the hey-day of painters like Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell, Mark Gertler and John Nash. The English School came to its own again—an English school influenced, no doubt, by French impressionism and post-impressionism, but with a distinctive quality of its own: an unequalled sense of colour, a subtle management of decorative design. These painters maintain their supremacy in the succeeding period (1925–1930), which is only perhaps to be distinguished by a proliferation of these same tendencies. Sickert, who might equally well be in any of the periods (or right out of them—he is a typical Edwardian), is represented here; and so is Stanley Spencer, who does not date for other reasons (peasant art of any kind is difficult to date). Christopher Wood is perhaps the most distinctive newcomer in this group, and we cannot regret too much that he did not live to take his place in the last group. He was a painter with a very fresh vision, and might have become a new force in English painting.

The last group (1930–1935) is the most baffling. As it is represented by the selection, it seems to be a progeny of all the previous groups. The brothers Steggles and Richard Eurich restore naturalism to some of its ancient simplicity

and power. One might, from the paintings of Robert Medley and Roy de Maistre, suspect the influence of a super-realistic tendency if one already knew of its established existence. From Paul Nash and William Roberts we get the impression that they have tamed their early extravagances, and will, with the rest of the group, fall into the Jubilee procession, and march along a pre-determined route which leads to the past. But is the impression justified? Way back in the 1918–1925 period there was a discreet Wadsworth, patiently naturalistic; he is now an abstract painter. In the present year of grace Ben Nicholson, included in the 1925–1930 period, is painting exclusively in the abstract style. These two are leaders among a respectable company of younger artists, all painting either in the purely non-representational manner we call 'abstract', or in the method of experimental dreaming known as 'superrealism'. I am not at the moment concerned to defend these painters, nor to foretell their future; but their existence, and their energetic determination, must be affirmed, if only to dispel from conservative minds a feeling of false security which they might carry away from this otherwise very representative exhibition.

The exhibition remains open until May 25, and is a unique opportunity for those who are visiting London on this special occasion to form some opinion of the development of British painting during the last quarter of a century

The Debate in Geneva

Some extracts from the eye-witness account of the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva on April 16, broadcast during the News Bulletin:

JOURNALISTS CROWDED the lobby of the League at 4 o'clock, while Delegates were trickling into a room for the preliminary private session, which was quite short. The delegates and their staffs streamed out across the lobby and into the Council Chamber proper. Tewfik Bey (Turkey), the President of the Council, rapped on the table. M. Laval began his speech. His voice was quite quiet, his dark head low, his figure motionless, shoulders hunched; then his voice rose as he was well into his speech, and after his decisive expression of the French point of view, his voice quickened suddenly as he turned to read the draft resolution he had prepared in agreement with the British and Italian statesmen.

After him came Sir John Simon—a complete contrast. Long sentences instead of short; the legal-confidential manner instead of the direct, almost abrupt fashion of M. Laval. When he had finished his careful approval of the French resolution, there was a stir as the journalists left the hall while translators echoed his words in French.

After Baron Aloisi had expressed the Italian approval of the French resolution, Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, spoke against it. The steady level of his voice, not well suited to French in which he speaks, typical of the caution of his protesting utterances. And, as a final contrast in style, came Senor Madariaga, Spain's delegate—urging, suggesting, in his perfect French, his objections to France's draft resolution. A few sentences from M. Munch, of Denmark, intimating that he too had objections to make; then the debate was over—till tomorrow.



Bridge over the Weir, by John Nash (post-War period 1918-1925)



Street in Paris by Christopher Wood, 1929

*The Map of England**Some Ways of Measuring Property*

By Brigadier H. St. J. L. WINTERBOTHAM

THERE can be few professions which offer a pleasanter mixture of indoor and outdoor craftsmanship than does that of a land surveyor. In the making of large-scale plans there has been little change for two or three thousand years. Egyptian pictures show chainmen complete with their chains, roadmen with their offset rods, and tape-boys just exactly as they are today.

But it is not for nothing that on every map or plan you will see amongst the conventional signs small triangles with little central dots. These are points of the triangulation, and we must begin with them, for a triangle is the start and the framework of all surveying. Supposing that you take three lengths of wood and bolt their ends together you will find that no pressure will alter the shape of the triangle they form. On the other hand, take four lengths of wood and bolt them together to form any four-sided figure and the smallest pressure will make it collapse; for the triangle is rigid and the four-sided figure is not, unless one or another diagonal is added to convert the quadrilateral into two triangles. It is for that very simple reason that all land measurements since surveying began are made in triangles. Triangles probably suggest to most people the use of the theodolite and what we call today 'triangulation', but indeed the chain surveyor of the past before theodolites were invented worked equally in triangles. The difference between then and now lies in the fact that *he* was obliged to measure each side of his triangle, whereas today, working with a theodolite, *we* measure only one side (or base) and the two angles which the other two sides make with that base.

The Value of Gunter's Chain

The British surveyor of the eighteenth century, whose instruments are so well shown at the Ashmolean in Oxford, measured all his sides, and measured them with a Gunter's chain, which is divided into 100 links—the 100 links equalling 66 feet. Quite contrary to general opinion, we have always been champions of decimal measurement and the Gunter's chain of 66 feet is for use in a decimalised acre, since an acre is our normal measure of area. Let us discuss, then, how he did his survey, and let us take as an illustration a property consisting of a four-sided field within which lay a house, its garden, and its outbuildings. The surveyor would first measure the four sides of the figure, as the most important, or main, lines of his survey, including amongst them one or another of the diagonals, in order to turn the four-sided figure into two rigid triangles. He would start the measurement of any one side as follows. His first station would be near, but just inside, one of the corners of the property. From that point a straight line would be laid out, and marked, leading to a similar point just at the corner and just inside the property at the other end of one of the sides. The distance would then be measured in successive lengths of the chain, drawn straight along the line. The chain itself, divided into 100 links, is marked with brass tabs of different shapes so as to save the labour of counting individual links all the way along. The line itself, however, has no particular value. Its object is to facilitate the survey of the paths, fences, and detail of the property. These matters must be tabulated in the surveyor's field book. On a page of that book the chain line is represented by two parallel lines, up the centre, just so far apart that distances in links can be booked inside. Suppose that the first chain length crosses a path, the edge of which measured $7\frac{1}{2}$ links from his starting station. Then in the book opposite the number $7\frac{1}{2}$, there would be drawn diagrammatically the edge of that path. The other edge of the path would probably occur at some such point as 10 or 11 links and would also be booked. This exceedingly simple measurement and booking would be applied to every point of detail along the line. But the hedge itself would not, we will suppose, cross the measured line at all. It would lie within some 10 to 20 links to one side of it. In order to complete the survey, distances from the chain line to the fence must be 'offset', that is to say that

every so often—say, at every twentieth link (in any case at every corner or change of direction)—a surveyor's rod would be laid out at right-angles to the chain line, and the actual distance to the hedge would be recorded in the book.

Now we will suppose that all the sides of the property including one diagonal have been so surveyed and recorded, and that there still remain certain things to survey too far off existing lines to offset. In that case other chained lines would be measured, connecting marked points on the main lines. The exact points of start and finish and all the survey measurements would be noted of course in the surveyor's book. Finally the whole survey would be plotted on paper at some convenient scale (say forty feet to the inch). Now I am going to make one further supposition—supposing that the house inside this property lies right in the middle so as to make the measurement of a diagonal impossible. Then the survey would be divided not into two triangles but into three, so that the house should be avoided, and yet all information concerning it should be properly booked.

A certain Dutchman called Snellius made the first triangulation with an instrument designed to measure angles. The date of this notable advance is 1615, and it is one which wholly transformed the ordinary process of surveying. It became, you see, possible to confine tape measurement to one length (or base) only, and then, by measuring the angles of the first triangle, to calculate mathematically, rather than to measure, the two remaining sides of that triangle. Having computed those two sides, two more triangles can be extended from them, and so on *ad infinitum*. The invariable beginning, however, is the measurement of one side, and it may be done in innumerable different ways. One of the early ways was to tie a bit of string, or make some other visible mark, on a wheel. Then the number of times that wheel revolves in its journey along the line multiplied by the circumference, naturally gives the distance. In property surveying, however, before angular measurement with the theodolite, the chain was normally employed. A century-and-a-half ago various other substitutes began to make their appearance. The earliest of our English bases was that measured by General Roy on Hounslow Heath. Both wooden and glass rods were employed.

General Colby's Invention

A development which underlies the whole fabric of the Ordnance survey of Great Britain was the compensating bars invented by General Colby. Metals have their own peculiar coefficients of expansion. They grow longer when heated, shorter when cooled. But if we are to measure a distance accurately on the ground, it is obvious that we must know accurately the length of the measuring rod or chain. General Colby had the rather brilliant thought that if he made a composite bar of two different metals, connecting them, but not rigidly, and had, at each end, little cross-bars capable of movement, the ends of these little cross-bars might be made to express an invariable length. Colby's compensating bars were used for the two bases, at Salisbury Plain and Loch Foyle, which are the starting points of the British triangulation. Nowadays bases are measured with tapes or wires of invar—a certain metallic alloy which is not without its drawbacks but which is little affected by change of temperature.

The first instance of a large survey in Great Britain was Roy's map of the Highlands. This was made just after the '45 Rebellion. Now Roy's map rests upon a triangulation, but not one done with a theodolite. It was in fact observed with the compass. On this compass skeleton—a skeleton which showed the relatively true positions of the important summits of Scotland—was built up the map, partly by chain measurement, in the old way, and partly by compass traverse. No doubt it was because the compass entered so largely into the construction of this map that what we should now call the 'fair drawing'

was then described as the 'fair protraction'. The angles were plotted with a protractor.

Roy's 'promised land', which he did not live to see, was a proper consistent and general survey of Great Britain, the Ordnance Survey of to-day. To describe its making we must start with the triangulation, which provides the fixed points in Great Britain upon which the map is built up: there are more than 150,000 of them. The measured lengths and bases of Great Britain are, as we have seen, those at Salisbury Plain and at Loch Foyle. These two are connected by a triangulation (or series of triangles) of which the angles were measured with a very large theodolite made by Ramsden, who flourished in the seventeen-eighties.

Ramsden's great theodolite has been used on all important features of Great Britain. There is practically no large hill in Great Britain which it, and its brother instrument, have not seen. It was a surveyor using it in Cumberland to whom Wordsworth addressed a famous poem, and with reference to its use on the top of St. Paul's we had an interesting controversy with a very eminent society. That society pointed out how unedifying it was that a rude and brutal soldiery should be perched upon the top of a sacred edifice and that soldiers were by nature, education, and training obviously unequal to the task of computing from their observations with due and proper scientific accuracy. Fortunately no very great attention appears to have been paid to the protest. And so Ordnance surveyors extended over Great Britain a triangulation which, although one hundred years old, still serves its purpose.

It covers the land with accurately fixed points distant from each other about ten miles. Distances of ten miles are, however, too large to govern a subsequent chain survey. The large triangles had to be cut up into smaller ones by inserting more stations, and here we begin the description of the actual process of the detail survey. Just ahead of the actual chain surveyors came a trigonometry observer who filled in the gaps in the major triangulation and provided fixed points at distances from each other of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. He was accompanied by two or three labourers, who erected his signals and marked the points over which his theodolite had been erected. As the triangulator observed his angles he recorded them in a book, which was forwarded to the Central Office, and there a com-



Figsbury Ring—Aerial photograph and six inch plan from the Ordnance Survey, for comparison
With sanction of H.M. Stationery Office

putor solved his triangles in order to find out whether all his work had been good. If it had been all was well, but, if not, the triangulator had to go back and re-observe certain angles. The computer's work was to calculate the length of all the sides of all the triangles. These sides were used as the main lines of the chain surveyor who followed the trigonometry observer on the ground. The chain surveyor would, of course, always find it necessary to amplify the main triangulated lines with other minor or 'split' lines. The chain surveyor's book was then sent to the office and the first thing to do was to compare the chained length with those calculated from the triangulation. If they agreed within one point in a thousand or so the chain surveyor was considered to have done his work well, but if not he had to rechain.

The records were next given to a man called the line plotter. The line plotter plotted out these various triangles on paper to see whether everything closed correctly. If it did not, the work was again sent back to the field; but if it did, matters passed to the detail plotter. Now the detail plotter's task was not only to plot the lines afresh, but to plot from the offsets those houses, roads, paths, railways and other details which completed the survey. When the detail plot was finished it was traced, and the tracing was set out on the ground again in the hands of a man known as the examiner. Now the examiner has to see that the finally plotted map really corresponds with nature. The way in which he does so is interesting and simple. Supposing that you walk along a road until looking, shall we say, to the right, you see three points on that side of the road all in one straight line cutting the path where you stand. Those three points might be the corner of the nearest house, the corner of a fence standing behind, and a distant chimney. If these three points form a straight line in nature so should they also on the plan. It is not always easy to find three such points, but two will serve. Supposing that the edge of the nearest house and the corner of the field behind are in a line which cuts the fence where you stand at a point twenty-seven links from the nearest hedge junction. Measure it both on the ground and on the map and see whether you get, as you should do, the same answer. If not, then a mistake has been made. The examiner also inserted all the boundaries (consulting the local authorities in doing so), investigated the names, and finished off the plan.

But his work was no more to be trusted than that of anybody else, and it was therefore passed to a final examiner who went over the ground again, or a considerable portion of it, to see where he could find a flaw. Supposing he found none, the work would be forwarded to the officer in charge of that particular division, who would put the last and final check upon selected plans.

The field work is now complete, except for the levelling and benchmarks. The triangulation, you will remember, covered the ground so that fixed points are as close to each other as $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The levelling is of the same density. There must be a primary level net of long and very precisely measured lines; there must be dependent on those main lines many others of a lesser significance joining point to point; and then contemporary with the actual detail survey comes a tertiary levelling which supplies benchmarks within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of each other. These benchmarks are, you know, on the bridges, on steps of churches, on porches, on any other permanent detail, and show the height above mean sea level. The leveller, having taken his observations, records them in a book just as did the surveyor, and sends them into the office. Heights are then computed. If they check out well they are accepted; if not the levels must be taken again. When they are finally established they are passed over to a plotter who plots upon the final plan the position of each benchmark and adds its height. Then the whole plan goes into the hands of the printer, of the man who measures up areas, and of many competent and indispensable examiners, until eventually it is in the hands of the agents, and ready to sell.

That is the way that a twenty-five-inch plan is made. Now a six-inch plan is made directly from it by reduction in the camera. It has to be redrawn because you cannot reduce a plan to a sixteenth of its size and retain legibility of the names and conventional signs.

Ordnance plans are revised periodically. This revision does not call for all the refinements of the original survey. Revision implies recording on the plan whatever man has added on the ground since the last edition, adding a new house here, altering the fence there, and so forth.

We have talked so far about old but good methods of survey, used everywhere still today. There are new methods, and the impulse is always to consider that the newer must needs be the better. That of course is far from being the case, but it is true that every method has its place. Let us consider some of them. One important group measures distances optically instead of with chain and tape. The most flexible and perfect little instrument of this sort is human eyesight. A small base (the distance between the eyes) and an instinctive measurement of angles from it gives us our normal idea of distance. This same system is used in range finders, telemeters and other instruments with formidable names. If we were to do an

original survey in England today it is quite possible that we should adopt one or other of these optical methods of measuring distance. Then there are various photographic methods of survey. In mountainous countries, like the Rockies or the Alps, surveys can be made by using a camera instead of a theodolite or plane table, and by making the necessary measurements upon the resulting photographic plate. Such methods cannot do away with the need for an initial triangulation, because the true position of the camera, during exposure, must be known.

Surveying from the Air

Much more familiar to the public, however, and much more interesting in its way, is survey from air photographs. An air photograph is generally so taken as to look as nearly as possible vertically downwards upon the ground below. Supposing that the aeroplane flies straight and level, and not too fast, and supposing that the ground underneath is as level and as clearly marked out as that chessboard upon which Alice played in Wonderland, then the subsequent survey would indeed be a simple and obvious task. Unfortunately these desirable conditions are never found in conjunction. An air photograph is a flat piece of paper, whilst the ground is very seldom flat. Even with dimensions, threes into twos won't go. Supposing that you are looking down upon the top of Ben Nevis, the summit will look as much too large comparatively as the boots of some unwary prone victim of the snapshot fiend in front. We can and do overcome all such difficulties, but only by surveying on the image instead of on the original. Sometimes the image is the best to use; sometimes the original. In neither case can you survey unless you can see, and the camera can only record what it does see from the air.

The methods of survey which I have outlined so inadequately are those normal for a really large scale; for plans rather than for maps. But, once done, every sort of map can be based upon it. In this country we have but the one survey. It is suitable for twenty-five inches to the mile, but by successive reductions it is equally available for a scale of twenty-five miles to the inch. The problem is quite a different one where the first map—say a half-inch or quarter-inch—is to be made of some colony. Come with me to the Orange Free State in the Dominion of South Africa and I will tell you something of such a survey.

Please think of a small party consisting of two officers and five N.C.O.'s. The first thing, just as in the survey of England, was to extend a triangulation all over the country.

The officers moved some ten to twenty miles every day. Transport consisted of wagons, Scotch carts and Cape carts, all mule-drawn. The normal evening camp was underneath some hill upon which a trigonometrical station was that evening erected and observed from. Every two or three weeks the two officers would meet and compare notes, calculate the results of their observations and be ready to plot fresh boards for the plane tablers who followed after them. Now let us visit one of the N.C.O.'s and see how the plane table works. A plane table is nothing else than a small board mounted upon a tripod. The board or plane table top (plane because it is levelled in a horizontal plane) is covered with linen-backed white paper and on that white paper are plotted, in their proper relative positions, the fixed points provided by the officers. Opposite each little plotted triangle is given its appropriate height above mean sea level. The plane table's task is to complete the map, filling in the whole of the detail of nature upon that skeleton and to add the appropriate names and data. This he does by sighting along a ruler with sights at each end of it. The theory of plane tabling is simple in the extreme, but the practice demands experience, skill, or neat fingers, absolute honesty, and robust health. The work has then to be so neatly penned in that a draughtsman, thousands of miles away, may fair draw without mistake or misunderstanding.

Now that sort of plane table survey is extremely good for scales of about one inch, half-inch, or quarter-inch to the mile. It is not, of course, suitable for such large and important work as our twenty-five-inch of England. But I can wish no man a more attractive life, and it is one which will demand in the future the services of an increasing number of Englishmen until the British Empire is mapped according to its possibilities.

The American Half-hour

Two extracts from the second symposium, arranged by Alistair Cooke, describing American daily life

Trouble in Harlem

PRACTICALLY ALL THE coloured people of New York live in Harlem—more than a quarter of a million of them. It's as if you took the whole population of Leicester or Portsmouth, crowded them into two square miles of London and turned them all black. Five years ago you would have found Harlem one of the happiest places on earth. The Negroes had their own lawyers and doctors and poets, their judges and police-

the child's body!' And so the riot began. Coloured shopkeepers rushed signs into their windows, 'This is a coloured shop'. A Chinese laundryman, trembling with fear, put up a sign, 'Me Coloured Too'. But a brick went hurtling through his window all the same. Now, people don't riot for twelve hours for the fun of it—certainly not any people as decent and orderly as the New Yorkers of Harlem. The two races had lived together in peace and quiet ever since thousands of Negroes moved up to Harlem from the Southern States during the wartime boom twenty years ago. A riot like this was something new for New York, and something very disturbing. It was a race riot all right, but everyone who knows Harlem at all knows that unemployment and poverty and misery and not race hatred, were at the bottom of it. The Negroes of Harlem are hard up, desperately hard up. The depression has hit them worse than any other race or nationality living in New York.

You see, there are comparatively few jobs open to Negroes in New York, even in the best of times. The coloured people from Harlem run our elevators, shine our shoes, wash our clothes, carry our luggage and drive our heavy motor-trucks, but Harlem has no industries of its own. Every morning in the years of prosperity there was a migration of thousands of its people to all parts of New York, where they were charwomen or waiters or dishwashers.

But since the depression thousands have been laid off, and the few jobs going around



Harlem in its happy days before the depression—

men, even their own millionaires, like Mrs. Walker, who made a fabulous fortune out of some stuff called Not-a-kink, that makes a Negro's hair straight and smooth like a white man's. But Harlem isn't the happy place it used to be.

The depression of the last few years has taken the smile right off the American darkie's face—and that's a hard thing to do. Most of the night clubs have disappeared, and in those that are left they're playing the blues all the time.

See those shop-fronts all boarded up? There's one just across the street, and you can see half-a-dozen more if you look down Lenox Avenue. Two weeks ago a coloured boy stole a penknife from the counter of a 5 and 10 cent store. It was just a trivial case of shop-lifting, but it set off the worst riot New York had known for thirty-five years. In a few hours the streets of Harlem were overrun by 3,000 angry Negroes.

They smashed shop windows, they attacked whites, they fought the police, looted and burned buildings, for twelve hours. More than a hundred people, black and white, were hurt by bullets, knives, clubs or stones, and three men were killed.

I told you about the boy who stole the penknife. A Negro woman saw him caught and searched by the employees in the shop. She went into hysterics, and rushed into the street screaming that a coloured boy was being beaten up and tortured in there, although not a hair of his head was really harmed. Soon the word got around that a Negro boy had been killed. Just then a hearse appeared in the neighbourhood, quite by accident; a black woman shrieked, 'They've come for



—and in angry mood, during the riot referred to in the accompanying text

have been taken by white people. The result is that of the quarter million in Harlem, only 15,000 people are working regularly. More than 100,000 are on the relief rolls, existing only on the charity or the work-relief which the City can give them.

Negro leaders in Harlem complain bitterly of the discrimination against them in the last few years. They say that the average white employer would always rather give a job to a white man than a Negro. They complain, too, that they are charged abnormally high prices for their food, because the Negroes must trade and eat in their own neighbourhood. Most of all, they complain that their landlords are gouging them. The Urban League, which has been investigating conditions in

Harlem, estimates that half of an employed Negro's income must go to rent, and that rents in Harlem are 15 to 20 per cent. higher than in the French, Italian, German and Jewish quarters. So there's terrible overcrowding in Harlem to save on rent; and there are almost twice as many people living to an acre as in the rest of Manhattan island. They can't move. With all our boasted equality in New York, it's an unwritten law that certain streets are for Negroes, others are not. If a Negro family does appear in a new street, the white families move out; so a landlord will move heaven and earth to keep his tenants white. It's just possible that something can be done. You have probably heard of our peppery little Italian-American mayor, Mr. La Guardia. He has a real social consciousness, and what is more, he lives on the fringe of Harlem, where the Negroes' problems come very close to him. He has just appointed a Committee that includes prominent Negroes and social reformers to inquire into the causes of the riot and recommend action. It may be that more Negroes will be put to work on some of our huge public works projects; it may be that the City will help to move them from Harlem back to the land. Anyway you can be pretty sure that the City will have to do something to make life in Harlem more bearable.

FERDINAND KUHN

A Man of Steel

ANDREW CARNEGIE had an astonishing history. And if you are going to begin to understand anything about America he is a type you ought to know about. Carnegie wasn't a Scottish lord with kindly feelings towards the people. He was something that we seem to breed. You will find in this country all sorts of suspicious characters—though Carnegie was never that—suddenly for no reason doing far-sighted and generous things.

Carnegie came to America with his family during the 'hungry forties' when he was about five. They settled in Pennsylvania. He did all sorts of odd jobs in his childhood, a clerk, a telegraph messenger. By mortgaging the family cottage he was able to invest 500 dollars in the Adam's Express Company.

During the Civil War iron was dear. He organised a rail manufacturing company and launched a locomotive works, then an iron bridge company. He was about the first person to see that steel was going to dominate the heavy industries, and he was going to dominate steel. He crowded competitors to



Life study of Andrew Carnegie and his hand, made by Orlando Rouland, 1911

Illustrations from 'The Life of Andrew Carnegie', by Burton J. Hendrick (Heinemann)

the wall and by 1880 he was the foremost ironmaster in the United States. In 1901 he sold out to the United States Steel Corporation at a personal profit of 60 million dollars. Do you get the sort of person he was? A buccaneer. But then he suddenly turned round and said, with his sixty millions in his pocket, 'Now I start my career'. And for thirty years he practised his ambition of what he called 'wise distribution' of his wealth. He gave to America and England libraries, baths, teachers' pensions, concert halls, hospitals, and education funds. He used to say—'The man who dies rich dies disgraced'. He gave a million and a half to the Palace of Peace at

*See let
Carnegie upon
little upon*

*Print, three and an income of 50,000\$
per annum.
By this time two years I can arrange all my business as to secure at least 50,000\$ per annum - Beyond this never care - Make no effort to increase fortune, but spend the surplus each year for benevolent purposes, Cash aside business forever except for others, -
Settle in Oxford - get a thorough education making the acquaintance of literary men - this will take three years active work - pay especial attention to speaking in public, Settle then in London - purchase a circulating library in some newspaper or live review a give the financial management of it attention, taking a part in public matters especially those connected with education & improvement of the poorer classes -*

Man must have an ideal - The dominating of wealth is one of the worst species of idolatry - No ideal more debasing than the worship of money - Whatever I say or do must put immediately therefore should I be careful to choose that life which will be the most elevating in its character - I continue much longer overwhelmed by business cares and with much of my thought wholly upon the way to make more money, in the shortest time, must depend on beyond hope of permanent recovery, I will resign business at thirty-five but during the ensuing ten years I wish to spend the afternoons in reading, instruction, and in reading systematically,

Memorandum made in December, 1868, in which Andrew Carnegie drew up a life programme and pledged himself to devote his 'surplus each year for benevolent purposes'

The Hague in, of all years, 1913. And just about ten years before the politicians he visualised the idea of a League of Nations.

'These great Powers', he said, 'should engage to act in concert against disturbers of the world's peace, if any such should present himself, which would hardly be possible from the moment such an association as I have mentioned became an accomplished fact'.

The Trustees of the British Museum announce that contributions towards the purchase for the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum of the Eumorfopoulos Collection of Chinese Art continue to be received. In the appeal which was recently circulated to a limited number of persons likely to be interested, it was announced that Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Princess Royal had both made donations towards the Fund. In addition, £5,000 has been received from the National Art Collections Fund, £5,000 from Sir Percival David, Bt., and £1,000 from the Universities' China Committee. Selections from the first portion of the acquisition are, as already announced, on exhibition at both Museums, where pictorial cards of some of the more important specimens can also be obtained. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that, in order to save the purchase funds of the two Museums from being crippled for some considerable time to come it is essential that public support for the purchase should be forthcoming. Contributions large and small will be gladly received and can be addressed to the Director of either Museum or to the National Art-Collections Fund, Hertford House, Manchester Square, W.1.

What German Youth is Thinking

(Continued from page 683)

BENEMANN: German youth follows Hitler. They know that what he thinks is best. They trust his guiding hand. They realise that he is selecting from among all the influences at work in Germany the best and the one most likely to lead to Germany's welfare.

ADAMS: It's this trusting obedience which alarms me. Trusting, following, obeying. . . . I tell you, Benemann, there are many people in England who regard as pernicious a system which produces that automatic reaction. Discipline and the elimination of free thought must in time produce a race of robots. A great nation like Germany should have free citizens.

BENEMANN: We are freer than you, did you but know it. We are freeing the young German worker from the cinema and pub atmosphere.

ADAMS: I'm sorry there's not time to talk about your Labour Camps.

BENEMANN: So am I, because Labour Camps in Germany are regarded as the most fundamental basis for developing our new spirit.

ADAMS: Well *here* some people are rather suspicious of them. They are afraid they may mean compelling unemployed men and women to do hard work for no pay.

BENEMANN: Considering that we had 4,000,000 more unemployed than this country has ever seen, it seemed to us that for us the most urgent need was to get our unemployed off the streets in any way we could. I think we chose a good way.

ADAMS: Students have to go to Labour Camps too, haven't they, before starting a university career?

BENEMANN: Yes, it is compulsory for students. Unbroken theoretical routine is bad for mind and body.

ADAMS: We are afraid your Government is using Student Camps—I'm sorry to say the same thing over again—in order to instil uniformity and obedience.

BENEMANN: You can't get that word out of your head.

ADAMS: Well you see, everything you say makes me feel that from early youth upwards, you are inculcating a spirit of strict discipline and obedience. It seems sinister and dangerous to me. I'll tell you frankly that many of your institutions seem to us like camouflage for militarism.

BENEMANN: That is not true: our Labour Camps are doing creative work, land drainage and so on. They are playing their part in the building up of a new Germany.

ADAMS: I know your great schemes. Tell us about them.

BENEMANN: We must get a healthy, fit people. That problem can be attacked in various ways. There are our great housing schemes, for example, and then the great efforts which are being made under our new sterilisation laws which have been designed very carefully and scientifically to remove the poor elements from our population and build up a fine and healthy race—

ADAMS: Well, many of us approve of sterilisation within well defined limits. But it must be *voluntary* and not compulsory.

BENEMANN: And then there's the reconstruction of German law. German law is now carried out on principles of social justice. And then there are our new German trades unions—reconstructed on quite different principles—the union between employer and employed—

ADAMS: Yes. English trade unionists can quite believe that—

BENEMANN: They represent a new kind of Socialism in Germany today with new loyalties and new traditions. And then the great changes which have been brought about in our system of land tenure. Our Leader has recognised the importance of stabilising old German culture. Let me tell you this. In all these things cultural considerations come first. They are worked into an economic system. The economic system is made to fit the cultural and social values which we wish to emphasise and exalt. That's where the difference from Russia comes in. In Russia economic considerations come first. I'm quite sure that our German way is the right one.

ADAMS: Well, Benemann, I have listened—I hope not impatiently—to your aspirations. You have put your case as attractively as possible with an understanding of the English and knowledge of our affairs, but you have not convinced me

that German youth is making a contribution to the peace of the world, and that's what I'm interested in. You say a strong and united Germany is necessary to sustain the peace of Europe. I don't believe that German goodwill is signified by rearmament and the suppression of free thought. Nor have you convinced me that your youth organisations do not inculcate the military spirit. Youth is a tender plant and to us in England the integrity of youth must be carefully guarded. But you are providing youth with ready-made ideas—from the acceptance of which there is no escape. That policy is opposed to our English attitude. We consider it best that youth should make up its own mind and we are prepared to provide it with facts for that purpose. That's why I welcome this conversation of ours. We must know what your point of view really is.

BENEMANN: I agree entirely. That is the idea of our Camps. We must not only know each other's views, but also discover their origin. If the English really claim to hold the secret of freedom, they will be anxious to wash away injustices and redeem unkept promises. That is the cause of our bitterness. If you only knew what a friendly feeling there is in Germany at the present time for England and English people, you wouldn't say what you do.

ADAMS: My dear Benemann, I don't deny personal friendliness. I have for you a sincere feeling of friendship, and many people of England are still well disposed to the people of Germany. But we've got to face up to the vital differences in our outlook. But come, time's already up. I'm going back to the House of Commons. Will you come with me and listen to the Englishman deciding whether or not he will confer upon India the disputed benefits of democracy?

BENEMANN: All right. But if I come, promise you'll come to Germany and have your mind set at rest about our warlike aspirations.

International Affairs

HISTORY IS OFTEN TAKEN to mean a finally sifted record of human achievement—an ideal narrative of what is vaguely called 'public affairs'. A moment's thought, however, shows that no such final chronicle can be compiled. While it is possible to conceive of a humanly perfect synthesis of all that has been written, based upon all that has been recorded, of a fairly remote period, it is impossible to regard even so flawless a story as either complete or flawless. The present is always, because of its new experience, dipping into the well of the past to find fresh or neglected relationships. It is a truism that nothing ever begins, or ever ends, in any final way, and that the historian's function is one of constant re-interpretation. Lord Eustace Percy, who contributes a brief preface to Mr. G. M. Gathorne-Hardy's *A Short History of International Affairs* (Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.), points out that the post-War years have witnessed many 'novel and exciting political experiments', and that in consequence things are today vastly different from what they promised to be a few years ago. Thus a case is made out for a revised narrative of the history of the last fifteen years, and that is what, at the request of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy has attempted. The method he has followed is not that merely of the chronicler. He selects in the first part of his history what seem to be the formative features of the 'period of settlement' (1900-1925), follows them up in the second part, the period of fulfilment (1925-1930), and shows their consequences in the period of crisis (1930-1934). Thus a series of strands is woven into a fabric, and the major issues and conflicts of today are given historical interpretation. The whole narrative is constructed with skill and economy, and it is objective and readable. There are, inevitably, judgments which will not be everywhere acceptable. For example, an influence is ascribed to President Wilson's insistence on the necessity of breaking the power of the King of Prussia to control the policy of the German Empire which is altogether too great. In Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's view, Wilson's refusal to deal with monarchical autocrats on any other terms than those of surrender rendered revolution in Germany inevitable. That is to underestimate or misunderstand the non-political factors at work among the German people. At other points, too, the narrative is over-weighted on the political side. Yet it would be difficult to name a more careful survey of recent history or one which showed a better disciplined approach to the highly contentious material that has to be surveyed.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*.

German Youth Discussion

I have had much correspondence about the discussion with Herr Benemann, which was arranged at very short notice. A number of listeners still believed that it was Mr. R. H. Crossman who took part. I should be glad if you would publish this letter so that I may accept full responsibility for what was in fact said by me. The volume of friendly feeling towards the German people which these letters reveal is to me a source of great gratification. If peace merely depended upon existing goodwill between the various peoples of the world, there would be no possibility of war. We must strive to develop this sympathy. But real understanding must embrace an appreciation of essential differences—a point which was emphasised in our conversation. In the limited time available there was little opportunity for me to express my own recognition of the injustices to which Germany has been subjected since 1918. I should never attempt to describe the Treaty of Versailles as a wise Treaty in respect of the indemnity, the one-sided disarmament of the vanquished, or its territorial arrangements. I have consistently advocated equality for Germany by the disarmament of the victorious powers. In common with those whose views I felt bound to represent, I am profoundly apprehensive lest the present German attitude, both domestic and international, may make appeasement incomparably more difficult.

It was a great pleasure to meet Herr Benemann, and I hope soon to visit his camp at Bryanston.

House of Commons, S.W. 1

VYVYAN ADAMS

I wonder if Mr. Vyvyan Adams realised one effect that his hostile attitude to Herr Benemann might have had on the listener? I was prepared to find myself out of sympathy with the Nazi point of view, but at the end of the talk I felt that, however foreign to the English temperament Nazi methods might be, at least their youth is honestly trying to face its problems and deserves a fair hearing. If in a straightforward discussion, such as that of March 11, the Nazi attitude is met with suspicion, prejudice and condescension, how much more prejudiced and unfair must be the 'official' attitude towards it? I should like to hear Herr Benemann given an opportunity of putting forward his party's ideas without having to waste his time parrying the thrusts of someone who obviously had no intention of even listening to the answers to his remarks. Then we should have the chance of forming an opinion of German ideas without being biased in their favour by sympathy for the person who was putting them forward.

Basingstoke

JANET COLLIN SMITH

The Artist and His Public

I regret to note another flight by my friendly instigator, Mr. Newton, from the soundness of his diagram (booklet, p. vi). In that, and in most of his exposition, he agreed that picture-painting is representational. Non-representational design (which is not modern, but as old as art) is something else; it does not matter two pins what we call it, except for convenience and clearness, but the distinction does matter, and to call such design a 'picture' is to encourage those who are in love with muddle of thought. That is one kind of modernist art, only one, and a tiny one. To lump the different kinds under the umbrella 'Modern Art', as if they were not internecine, is another muddle. I endeavoured to distinguish and appraise. Mr. Newton's attitude is one of vague benevolence, faintly praising or faintly damning (with the diagram ignored). Let us come to closer grips, please! Does Mr. Newton or does he not agree that Picasso's 'Head' (No. 47 in the booklet), is deliberate nonsense, a joke at the expense of the picture? That is one other kind, and one kind of Picasso.

I lapsed myself from exact expression when I spoke of 'the' picture as ever having been bankrupt. What I meant was that the 'school' picture chokes, for the time being, a particular line of painting because it seizes on and parodies *ad absurdum* the

personal mannerisms of a master. On this Mr. Newton is very much to the point. But he appears to deny that there has ever been the nuisance of wrong-headed 'originality', the recurrent phenomenon of 'Art Nouveau'. The objectors to originality have as often been right as wrong. There were sillinesses in the early Wordsworth and Keats; much greater sillinesses in the early Matisse and Derain; there are imbecilities in Cézanne. Had I space and time I should be tempted to diagrammatise: that must wait for another occasion. But here let me add a few words more. I do not for a moment admit that 'the' picture is bankrupt today. Some kinds are, very properly, others unfortunately, and the number of good young painters, as distinguished from draughtsmen, is small; the War may have reaped, after its fashion, a harvest we shall never garner. The picture, moreover, is hard put to it, as a piece of furniture, to hold its own in the modern house or flat. It may be wiped out for economic-architectural reasons; not for artistic; and the substitutes which excite so fantastic a proportion of attention in the Press and in books will be reabsorbed, if good enough, in the Decorative sphere from which they have strayed. Mr. Newton is a flatterer when he says that the herd-like monotony of the modernists is not imitative, and that their determined inanity is imaginative. The time-tables he ought to return to Mr. Wilenski, whose property they must be. Some of us are more concerned with the station to which we are being carried than with the time-record of the train, last month's or this, and we dislike being shunted into sidings.

Hampstead

D. S. MACCOLL

Meaning of Church Fittings

The explanations given by Mr. Greening Lamborn are more exact *re* social customs than in reference to mediæval or modern liturgical usage. (1) The herbs strewn and spices burnt on important occasions are still used—e.g. at Rome and Malta—without connection with intra-mural interments. (2) The piscina was not normally used for washing the chalice or the priest's hands—this was done at the altar—but for emptying the cruets as in actual usage. (3) The stoup in the Youghave font was not 'probably used for holy water' but, as liturgically required, to receive the water actually used in baptism which drained into the ground like a piscina—cf. Westminster Cathedral. (4) The 'vessels' in the sanctuary ambry were and are the holy oils. (5) The 'squint' was to enable aisle-worshippers to follow Mass and see the Elevation—an important feature of late mediæval piety. (6) Sermons were customary long before fixed pews and pulpits. (7) The hanging pyx was usually dove-shaped, not a 'box'. (8) Celebrant and assistants didn't and don't sit in Sedilia during the Gospel.

Pembroke Dock

IVOR DANIEL

Direction-Finding by Sun and Watch

It is commonly supposed that the direction south can be obtained when the sun is visible by holding a watch (set to record Greenwich Mean Time) horizontal, pointing the hour hand to the sun and looking along a line bisecting the angle between the hour hand and the line from the centre to 12 on the dial. This bisecting line is supposed to point south. The rule is quoted by Brigadier Winterbotham in his talk in THE LISTENER of April 10. It is, however, a rule subject to errors which may be substantial.

The rule is based on the assumption that the sun moves uniformly from east to south or from south to west in six hours, or 15 degrees of azimuth per hour, and on the further assumption that the sun is south at noon Greenwich Mean Time. Neither assumption is correct. The first involves the larger errors; and the error is greatest at the time selected for an example in the article mentioned, *viz.* 3 p.m. Greenwich Mean Time, in summer. In this latitude near midsummer the sun is not 45 degrees from south at 3 p.m., but nearly 70 degrees from south: the error is about 25 degrees. This means that a man

Ideals and Realities

Portraits and Pamphlets. By Karl Radek. Wishart. 12s. 6d.

Fifty Years of International Socialism. By M. Beer. Allen and Unwin. 6s.

Reviewed by HAMILTON FYFE

MR. RADEK'S BUOYANT, abusive, mischievous pages remind one of that saying by Dostoevski about the Russians replacing the 'tired men' of Europe and creating a society on new lines. The novelist knew his country-folk through and through. He was aware of the fire beneath their smouldering fecklessness and melancholy. One day, he foresaw, the volcano would burst into flame. But, while he was right there, he fell into a comical error when he spoke of the new order being founded on Russian 'faith and meekness'. On faith certainly. On a faith that has literally been removing mountains. But where are the Communists who display meekness? Since the early Christians no sect has arisen so cock-sure, so intolerant, so fiercely vengeful. And as those qualities spread Christianity far and wide, so it is at least possible that Communism may conquer a large part of the world. Those who jib at this prospect may comfort themselves by the reflection that its forms will be various, according with national temperaments; and that none of them are likely to have any more resemblance to the original doctrine than the multitudinous forms of Christianity have to the Sermon on the Mount.

That Mr. Radek is not actually a Russian by race or birth does not make him any less typical of what we may call the Soviet mind. He illustrates its internationalism. A Polish Jew, he has something of the impish brilliancy of Dr. Goebbels, the same disconcerting readiness to make fun of his own creed and leaders—and, incidentally, of himself. He is the only humorist that Communism has so far thrown up and, though his fun is apt to send a shiver down your spine, it is such a relief to escape for a moment from the deadly earnestness of his colleagues that many visitors to Moscow have come away feeling that Radek must have been one of the big shots of the Bolshevik movement. That is not so. Mr. A. J. Cummings, who knew little about Russia until he went there for the trial of the Vickers-Metropolitan engineers, over-estimates Radek's importance in his lively preface to the book. He was forgiven easily for his Trotskyist heresy because he was not important—and also because he could make himself useful. He is a very clever journalist and has a better notion of propaganda than anyone else in Moscow—though that is not saying much.

This book is journalism; even the diplomatic notes are more like newspaper articles than State papers—and none the worse for that. But the effect is rather like that of last year's berries left on a privet bush in spring. They are hard and shiny, but you know there is a brittleness, an insubstantiality about them. How different the impression left by Mr. Beer's account of himself and his spiritual adventures! Jews who win distinction are most of them divided into two categories. There are the flamboyant ones, ferociously energetic, owing their success to their superficiality; and there are those who lay to heart the saying that 'in quietness and confidence shall be your strength'; who believe in themselves and their causes as firmly as the others, but are tranquil, meditative, other-worldly. For half a century Mr. Beer has been studying Socialism. He has written a general history of it, a history of the movement in Britain, a book on the life and teaching of Karl Marx. He has made numberless friends in England, won the respect and liking of all who came in touch with him; and this book explains why. Not consciously: nothing could be more alien to his purpose than to draw an appealing self-portrait. But, as he tells his story of struggle, both for a living and towards the light, one recognises a man of rare spirit and intellectual sincerity, who may be written down confidently as 'one who loved his fellow men'.

Like all who love fervently, he is a good hater, too. His sketch of Ebert, first President of the German Republic, has more 'bite' in it than any of Mr. Radek's fulminations. He and Noske 'saved Germany for the Nazis'. They exterminated 'all the determined men and women who could have contributed to building up a democratic and socialised Germany, worthy of Kant, Fichte and Hegel, of Goethe and Schiller, Marx and Lassalle'. That would amuse Mr. Radek. He would say that

literary idealism has robbed Social Democracy of its vigour. He is chiefly concerned with Shock brigades and the 'mass production of heroes' (which is not so silly as it sounds), with the enlisting of children's sympathy by getting them to understand that 'man does not live for himself, but for the society which has made him', with the 'liberation of women from handicaps and inequalities'. Get on with the matters in hand, he would say: our business is with the present and future, not with the past.

Well, in the world of hard realities it is the Radeks and their employers who get things done. They are ruthless in their methods—as ruthless as kings; they are coldly logical, like mathematicians; they tolerate no illusions. But it is the Max Beers who prepare the masses of mankind to welcome them and give them power. One is conscious of a warmth, a glow in his pages, while the other's merely glitter. Here is one example—from his last page:

'Present society, since its emergence from mediæval economy, has striven for a favourable balance of power and for a favourable balance of trade and payments. Has not the time come to help on the emergence of a society which will strive for a favourable balance of moral qualities?'

That is worth dozens of Mr. Radek's wisecracks.

The Trades Union Congress General Council has published (price 1s. 3d.) *The Story of the Tolpuddle Martyrs Centenary Commemoration*, which comprises articles and pictures on the historical aspects of the famous episode of the transportation of the Dorchester Labourers in 1834, also descriptions of the centenary celebrations last year at Dorchester and elsewhere.

Bright Feather Fading

His light-embossed sheer breast
All shattered, this sky-pest
Is past, and sparrow man
Can spy out the span
Of beauty's wind-ply wing.
He cruised a king
In worlds we flinch to enter;
Hung easily at the centre
Of the striding storm;
Dared wear the form
Of death, whose quivering lease
Is dove's reprieve and peace.

Fire-shorn he lies now:
Whose talon could plough
Flesh, whose shadow leaned
From heaven to lamb unweaned
And left the upland colder.
He loved to shoulder
A far cloud or brush the noon-
Slight sickle moon,
Joy-hovering missed
No ground-note that was grist
To grindstone hunger, heard
Mole burrow, and meek bird
In hedge-row's thrifty maze
Distill her dew-drop praise.

So Earth steals back
The stranger, whose light-track
Has scarred fool-hardier ground;
Bright feather fading and night found.

LILIAN BOWES LYON

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Young Men in the Arctic: the Story of the Oxford University Arctic Expedition of 1933

By A. R. Glen. Faber. 15s.

IN THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS Oxford and Cambridge have won a well-earned place for themselves in Arctic exploration. Although there are no more spectacular discoveries to be made in Polar regions, there remains to be done an abundance of survey work and of scientific investigation. It is in this field, of mapping and measuring and collecting data, that university expeditions have taken such a useful part, notably in Greenland and in Northern Spitzbergen. As Mr. Glen reminds us, their enterprises are of a modest kind. They have, as a rule, to be carried through in the three or four months of the long vacation; and their personnel is for the most part an amateur one. Most of Mr. Glen's seventeen companions were on their first expedition, and with one exception they were very young men. The ingenuous title of the book emphasises what is, in fact, its most pleasant feature; for the narrative shows how intelligent and resourceful young men overcame the disabilities of inexperience and carried out a job of unquestionable scientific value. There are, of course, more inaccessible terrains of exploration than North Spitzbergen, yet until 1933 the region was relatively unknown. The Oxford men carried out two admirable sledge journeys inland from the north coast, in the course of which they mapped a great deal of unsurveyed territory and investigated the geology and glaciology of the region. The base party surveyed Dickson Land and accomplished some interesting research into bird and marine life. There was nothing of the heroic stature about their experiences; nothing of the ordeal by exposure which some of Wegener's comrades underwent on the Greenland ice-cap four years ago. What they had to suffer were trials of patience, such as those occasioned by sledging over miles of slush in the summer fogs. In every sense these amateurs acclimatised very well. They got through a great deal of useful work, often in unfavourable conditions; they managed sledge journeys on scanty rations; they learned to live off the country, and to evolve such dishes as curried seal liver and beans, kittiwakes' breasts, roast eider duck and ptarmigan; and to satisfy the toffee-lust which besets all explorers they invented a substitute out of pemmican combined with heaven-knows-what. The picnic element was naturally prominent. They amused themselves on one occasion, for example, with an improvised version of the Highland Games, in which celebration the only dissenter was a difficult Sassenach who insisted on performing with a home-made crossbow. Mr. Glen's record (which is, by the way, excellently illustrated) is a most attractive one. It candidly admits the failures of the expedition, and it does not minimise certain defects of organisation. Yet it sets forth modestly, and often amusingly, the results of a really useful piece of work. His plea to the university authorities that they should offer greater facilities for such journeys is justified by this narrative alone. These journeys are good for budding scientists, and they are good for young men.

Greek Salad. By Kenneth Matthews. Davies. 8s. 6d.

A hundred years ago the classically educated English traveller in Greece tended to spend a good deal of time in trying to identify ancient sites, and when he came to telling of his travels was inclined to be pompous and to moralise. Times have changed, and Mr. Matthews, also classically educated, is not much of an antiquary, verges on the facetious, and, although no preacher, is something of a moralist in spite of himself. He clearly belongs to that generation of travel writers which includes Mr. Peter Fleming and Mr. Evelyn Waugh, with whom he has points in common, and is a very lively and talented reporter, nearly always entertaining, often shrewd, and occasionally superficial. His experience of Greece has not been simply a tourist's, for he has lived and been employed there as a journalist, a publicity agent, and as one of several English masters at that school on the island of Spetsae which was built by an American-Greek tobacco millionaire and intended to be on the lines of an English public school. The fancifulness of the project can be very well judged by Mr. Matthews's description of the Greek boys and masters. He gives some account as well of trips into the country and life in Athens, and of such personal matters as his marriage—not to a Greek woman, but an American one. Anyone who has lived in Greece is likely to read him with many a

reminiscent smile, and anyone who is going to Greece (particularly if, like Mr. Matthews, he feels under the necessity of having to 'work off' a classical education) will find him a useful guide, not so much to the map as to the people, of whose foibles and everyday existence—poverty, cupidity, dishonesty, food, manners, and politics—he gives some graphic accounts. Perhaps he does not sufficiently emphasise the charm that so often accompanies Greek fecklessness and squalor, and like so many Englishmen who enjoy measuring the eccentric behaviour of other races by their own standards, he arouses in the reader a mild speculation as to what the Greeks thought of *him*.

Principles of Economic Planning. By G. D. H. Cole. Macmillan. 6s.

This book is designed to demonstrate the need for national planning, the conditions which must accompany planning, and the machinery which must be established to accomplish it. Mr. Cole, even if he fails to convince many of his readers that planning on the scale he proposes is necessary, succeeds in establishing his case for a careful investigation of its possibilities. Planning is necessary, he contends, in order to bring about a redistribution of purchasing power such as will bring consumption into step with production; and this cannot be effected under a capitalist system. His plan, then, is a plan to be carried out if and when Great Britain becomes a Socialist State. First, the money system must be changed. The State must take control of the banks and regulate the issue of money in order to prevent its diversion into speculative channels. It is through the issue of money that Mr. Cole proposes to bring about the desired redistribution of income; and this, unfortunately for his plan, is the weakest proposal in the book. The doling out of presents in the shape of 'social dividends' will not recommend itself to many. Again, his proposals for the creation of new money by the State, his suggestion that great public works schemes can be financed out of nothing, and his contention that this does not constitute inflation, are all a trifle unconvincing. One gets the impression that Mr. Cole, in his hurry to place his proposals before the public, has not done justice to some of his theories. On foreign trade—whose value he does not make the error of underestimating—Mr. Cole discriminates between the control practised by the present Government, which is restrictive, and the control which would be practised under Socialist planning. Under the proposed new system, it would be done mainly through bulk barter, and it is surprising to find Mr. Runciman's trade agreements quoted to illustrate how the canalisation of trade would be undertaken.

The machinery which Mr. Cole would set up will seem fearsome to those who believe in economic liberty. But his book, in spite of certain shortcomings, is a valuable one in that it gives us a clear general conception of what Socialist planning involves. There are several sections—notably those which discuss the limitations of the present system, the causes of the lag between production and consumption, and the need for control over speculation—which deserve to be studied and thought about by all who would understand why, except for the vital question of peace, planning of one sort or another is the central topic of discussion in political, social and economic circles today.

Freedom and the Spirit

By Nicolas Berdyaev. Bles. 12s. 6d.

English men and women who are familiar with the novels of Dostoevsky, and English theologians who are not unacquainted with the controversial writings of Khomiakov and with the philosophical theology of Vladimir Solovyov, will not be surprised at what is said in this book. All these writers have been uneasy in the presence of Western civilisation, though they were, of course, vastly influenced by it. 'Culture', writes Nicolas Berdyaev, 'the foundation of which is always religious . . . is beginning to be transformed into a civilisation which is secularised in every direction'. In another place, he says: 'Humanistic progress, while diminishing cruelty, suppressing violence, and affirming the dignity of personality, has also led to new cruelties and new acts of violence, to the dragging down of all individuals to a common level, to an impersonal civilisation, to atheism, to the suppression of the soul, and the denial of the existence of the "inner man"'.

Since 'the source of the evil is spiritual and not carnal', it is the secularisation of religion, of the Church, of Western Protestantism and of Western Catholicism, that has driven these Russian writers back upon their Orthodox heritage and led them to proclaim that there is in Russian Orthodoxy a latent perception that is more Christian and more properly critical than is our Western business in matters both of religion and of irreligion. Khomiakov once said, 'The church is faith, hope and love, as an organism'. And Nicolas Berdyaev, true to his heritage, has much to say of the distinction between what is organic and what is organised, what is dynamic and what is static, between symbolical, mythological comprehension and rationalistic abstraction, and between mysticism and official pedagogic theology. But his real theme is freedom.

Here Nicolas Berdyaev has the right to speak: he has been exiled as a Marxist; then expelled by the Bolsheviks from his Chair of Philosophy in the University of Moscow; and then he discovered the inner life of Orthodox Christianity. Nevertheless, he still is a revolutionary. The freedom of which he now writes is, however, not democratic freedom, but the freedom of the aristocracy of the Spirit, the freedom of the Church. Having found this freedom, he cannot, even if he would, deny his revolutionary past, for 'the consequences of past experiences can never be uprooted'. And so in this book he turns round, in the name of the freedom of the Church, to attack its secularisation, its false modernity, its democratisation, and its out of date apologetics which he finds 'positively harmful and a hindrance to those who would return to Christianity'.

Nicolas Berdyaev has clearly written an important book, and it has been very well done into English. But, true and right as this spiritual attack undoubtedly is, it is difficult to be rid of the horrid impression that when, or if, the Volga—even a Christian Volga!—flows deeply into the Rhine and the Seine and the Thames, we shall all be doomed to be paralysed by spirituality. When all is said against it, the vigour of Western Christianity depends upon just those things which it is the purpose of this noble book to destroy.

Ancient India and Indian Civilization. By Paul Masson-Oursel, Helena Willman-Grabowska and Philippe Stern. Kegan Paul. 21s.

This translation from the French is one of the volumes in Messrs. Kegan Paul's notable series *The History of Civilization*. We may say at once that it is well up to the level of the best of the volumes which have already been published. Its object is to 'place' the development of India's social, religious and intellectual life, in relation to the general development of civilization as a whole. This ambitious and formidable task is admirably accomplished within the four hundred pages of the volume. The latter affords a very illuminating example of the difference between the attitude of Continental and British scholarship towards Indian history. It is strange to an English reader to find the physical geography, the demography, and the history of India from Indus Valley civilization days down to Harsha, dismissed in about one-seventh of the total space of the whole book. Indeed, one of the very few criticisms to be made about *Ancient India* is that the authors seem to underestimate the extent and the definiteness of the material available for the history of India prior to Alexander's invasion. British authors would certainly have allotted much more space and detail to this part of their work, and it is arguable that this would have been an advantage. However, our authors have certainly been careful in this part of their work, and as a result we have a very interesting and sound account of the land, the people, and the ancient political history of the country. The section on population is admirably done. The vast and fundamental problems which still await solution are clearly indicated, as also is the extent of our accurate knowledge on this subject.

But it is to the rest of the book that British readers will turn with most enjoyment, and where they will get their best reward. The development of Indian society, religion and philosophy, and literature and art, occupy the remainder of the book. It is very difficult to recall anything in English within the compass of any one volume to compare with this. The subject, of course, is immense, and the authors have used the results of the most recent research. It is impossible to draw attention to more than one or two of the outstanding features of this work; but the chapter on the origins of India's spiritual life, the two chapters on the drama and the narrative literature of the country, and the whole of Book II, which deals with the art of India, are all of fascinating interest and outstanding merit. The illustrations

are well chosen to represent developments from the Mohenjo-Dara civilization onwards, and there are excellent maps of the political history of India, from early Buddhist days to the days of Harsha, with whom this book closes.

Hector Berlioz. By Tom S. Wotton Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

The author is an uncompromising champion of Berlioz, and confidently believes that Berlioz, in music, can do no wrong—or almost. This conviction he expresses with moderation, relying on arguments, not on challenge and bluster. The arguments, at times, are a trifle *ex parte*, and he does occasionally refer to the 'narrowmindedness' of Berlioz' censors. It has always been very difficult for Berlioz' admirers to realise that objections to his music may originate in genuine feeling, and not in prejudice. The notices of the recent Glasgow performances of 'The Trojans' have shown that no agreement is possible on this matter. Most critics, while finding in this work many beauties worthy of whole-hearted admiration, remained quite definite on the subject of its shortcomings: of Berlioz' readiness to be satisfied with commonplaces, his lapses into empty formalism, his occasional incapacity to press onwards at the very moment when speed is most required, and so on. It seems fairly obvious, therefore, that thoroughgoing Berliozians will always constitute a fairly small section of the musical community; and also, that there will always be small strongholds of thoroughgoing anti-Berliozians, who see the defects but not the beauties of his music. Mr. Wotton's timely and well-weighed plea for careful and sympathetic considerations of the beauties may help to convert a few of the latter. It is to be hoped that his strong remarks on the inaccuracies that mar the Breit-Kopf and Härtel edition of his works will bear fruit. In short, he has given us a book that will win the approval of all music-lovers interested in Berlioz, and of all who believe in fair play for men of genius.

Matthew Arnold and France: The Poet By Iris Esther Sells. Cambridge. 12s. 6d.

Matthew Arnold has come in for a good deal of detailed study lately, and among his many 'aspects' not the least interesting is that of his relations with French literature and ideas, for which he acted as a kind of unofficial agent in Victorian England. This activity belongs chiefly to his middle period, the period of the first series of *Essays in Criticism*, and is associated with ideas about academies and critical standards and intelligent state control. But the beginnings of his enthusiasm for things French lie much further back, in his ardent, poetical youth, when he was thrilled by the acting of Rachel and the novels of George Sand and, not least, by a work called *Obermann*, by a relatively obscure writer called Senancour, whom both George Sand and Sainte-Beuve had 'run' as the perfect representative of the *maladie du siècle*. It is with this earlier phase, and particularly the 'influence' of *Obermann*, that Mrs. Sells is here concerned, and her scrutiny is restricted to Arnold's poetry. Long ago a friend of Arnold's, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, spoke of the period of his early poetry as his 'Obermann period', and there is no doubt about the depth and strength of the impression which the book made on him. But Mrs. Sells goes too far and proves too much in her determination to 'find what she is looking for' in nearly every one of Arnold's poems. She has assembled a vast number of passages from *Obermann*, and a few from the works of certain other French Romantics, and placed them side by side with passages in Arnold's poetry. In a good many cases the similarities are really striking (though perhaps the most striking is that between the splendid third part of 'The Church of Brou' and a passage in Quinet); in others they seem too slight to bear the inferences Mrs. Sells draws from them. It is in fact fantastic, without a great deal more evidence, to attribute a poet's use of images which have *couru le monde* to this or that particular original. When Arnold makes two lovers exclaim

Destiny!
Prolong the present!
Time! stand still here!

Mrs. Sells immediately scents Lamartine's *O temps, suspends ton vol*; but why not *Faust* or, if it comes to that, *Dr. Faustus*? Even the image of the 'River of Life' she is half inclined to ascribe to *Obermann*, and such is her obsession that she actually suggests that Arnold's fight against the temptation to make an indulgence of his melancholy was 'a proof of the moral ascendancy Senancour exercised over him'!



'Where the Great Wall
think when I recited
and stand on the Grea
The Wall runs from
mountain sides, d
s. It is made of
servants. Wages

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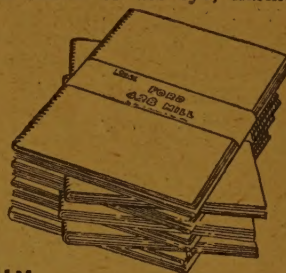
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B B C ANNUAL 1935

The B B C Annual differs in many respects from its predecessor, the B B C Year Book: it is changed in format (to size 7½ins. by 9½ins.) and it attempts to present in a new manner an integrated picture of the B B C's activities as a whole. It is divided into several sections: first, a five-year review of broadcasting; secondly, what may be regarded as the B B C's annual report to listeners of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, followed by a similar report on the Empire Service. Finally there is a new feature, entitled 'Forum', consisting of specially written articles by Prof. Ernest Barker, Sir Arnold Wilson, Hamilton Fyfe, Douglas Woodruff, Ernest Newman, Ernst Schoen, Adrian Boult, Tyrone Guthrie, Wyndham Lewis, C. R. W. Nevinson, which may be regarded as entirely personal expressions of opinion. There are 192 pages, profusely illustrated: the book is cloth-bound and blocked in gold. It costs 2/6 from all booksellers, etc., or 3/- by post from the B B C, Publications Dept., Broadcasting House, London, W. 1.

Arnold's 'Obermann period', or part of it, coincided roughly with his unhappy love-affair in Switzerland, which may have given an extra poignancy to his appreciation of *Obermann*. Mrs. Sells makes full use of this excuse to reconstruct the story, out of extremely scanty materials, at great length and with all the trappings of good-as-a-novel biography (topography and local colour being her forte)—though the only certain connection of Marguerite with Arnold's literary life, apart from the poems he wrote about her, was that she lent him a copy of the *Letters of Ortis*, which belong to Italian, not French, literature. Mrs. Sells does not seem quite to have made up her mind which she was writing, a work of literary scholarship or a work of romantic biography. The general plan and aspect of the book, with its copious references (which are, however, sometimes absent where one is most moved to seek them) suggest the former; much of the writing and, still more, the photographs of the Bernese Oberland with which it is adorned, suggest the latter. Perhaps she had an inkling that there was in this case not enough material for either separately and so determined to combine them.

Africa Dances. By Geoffrey Gorer. Faber. 15s.

'Africans dance. They dance for joy, and they dance for grief; they dance for love and they dance for hate; for prosperity and to avert calamity; they dance for religion and they dance to pass the time'. Mr. Gorer, and Benga, the African dancer whom he met in Paris, travelled far in West Africa studying dances, and he has much of interest to say concerning them: he has grasped the fact that in Africa the dance is essential and that the music, and decorative arts, have been evolved to supplement it—yet it is not so much the essential as the natural expression of the essential. But Mr. Gorer has much more than this to say. He kept his eyes open and this book should go far towards disillusioning those who say that they do things better in the French Colonies, and that there they understand and treat the native better than we do. 'The negroes of French West Africa', we read, 'are a dispirited, miserable and resentful people, who can now only be ruled by fear'. The figures given for the depopulation of the French Colonies (pages 132-5) are startling. The author also correctly denies the oft alleged race-equality supposed to be given by the French to the native, for in Paris he found that Benga's position was 'like that of a fashionable divorcee in the nineteenth century, whom it was chic to be seen with in the right places, but whom one did not invite to the house'; and in French West Africa he found the colour bar extraordinarily strong.

Not that all is rosy in British West Africa, where education is causing difficulties, and when 'a considerable proportion of the negroes are educated the system of government is not working so well, and the governors are becoming a bit scared. The negroes smart under a feeling of inferiority and discrimination: they are excessively race-conscious'. But he is not opposed to education. Of Achimota College he writes: 'It is, as far as my knowledge goes, unique in tropical Africa and is to my mind the most astounding achievement of British Colonial policy'.

The author has a sense of humour as well as a graphic pen. The illustrations are good, but poorly reproduced, and the colour of the paper used throughout is unattractive. The language used at times will offend the sensitive, for it is unnecessarily coarse in parts, using words that are not used in decent society, and giving details that are as superfluous as they are indecent. Nevertheless the book is one which cannot be ignored by any serious student of African or Imperial problems.

Cornish of the 'Yard'. By Ex-Superintendent G. W. Cornish. John Lane. 18s.

That the public are more interested in murder than any other kind of crime is a fact which is generally taken for granted. This, however, has not deterred the author from describing a number of other cases. His treatment of them will convince his readers that murder is by no means always the most interesting or even the most sensational kind of crime. A large number of his examples are, however, concerned with murder, and among them are included a number which have remained unsolved mysteries. Superintendent Cornish gives us the facts concerning the Whistling Copse Mystery, the affairs of Nora Upchurch and Vera Page, and the Maida Vale murder. It is a tribute to the writer that so many unsolved crimes are included. With thirty-nine years' experience Superintendent Cornish claims no infallibility for the police; but his tacit admission does nothing to detract from their ability and perspicacity.

One of the most striking aspects of this book is the author's appreciation of the value of scientific methods in criminal investigation. He alludes to it again and again. Superintendent Cornish tells us that in the great pearl robbery of 1913 the sealing-wax found on the postal packet was analysed and compared with that originally used to seal the packet containing the pearls. This interesting fact is not generally known. It was a small but by no means insignificant factor in the investigation of this extraordinary affair. There are very good reasons why the whole story of the affair of Vera Page has not been, and cannot be, told; but the author gives us an excellent description of what was, in fact, one of the most brilliant police investigations of recent years. Nothing that could have been done was left undone, and every clue was followed up with the minutest attention to detail. The scientific evidence in this case was also highly significant, and due weight is given to it by the author. Those interested in the technical side of police work may be rather disappointed that Superintendent Cornish does not discuss the conflict of evidence which arose in the case of the murder of Dr. Zemenides regarding the identity of the bullets fired. Mr. Robert Churchill expressed the opinion that the bullet which killed the victim had been fired from a revolver found in the cellar of the house. Major Burrard, an expert in firearms, and Mr. R. K. Wilson, a consulting surgeon, disagreed with this evidence. But it must be remembered that Superintendent Cornish has mainly designed his book for general reading, so that details of technical evidence, however significant, would perhaps be out of place in it.

If the author experienced at any time a temptation to embroider his narrative, he has not succumbed to it. Indeed, if any criticism is to be made it might be suggested that the order of the narratives might, in some cases, with advantage have been rearranged in a manner which, without doing any violence to the facts, might have brought their significance more fully home to the reader. But the facts are there, clearly and intelligibly set down; they are of very great interest and significance to the wide public who ought to study this book.

Practical Ethics. By Sir Herbert Samuel Thornton Butterworth. 2s. 6d.

Writings on Ethics too often emanate from professional philosophers concerned primarily with trivial questions that seem unreal to those engaged in the rough and tumble of practical affairs. Here, however, is a work on the subject vigorously and attractively written by a distinguished administrator whose interest is always in the concrete. He begins by asking: what is right and what is wrong? No answer, he maintains, can be accepted if it is based on an attempt to analyse *a priori* the concept of right. For that concept is an abstraction from the concrete goods with which we are acquainted. But how do we become acquainted with them and recognise them as good? Not through conscience, or intuition, or religion, or custom, or any necessary process of evolution: right actions are simply those conducive to human welfare. Why, then, ought we to do them? For a variety of reasons, is the reply; in this instance the 'philosophic craving for unity' cannot be satisfied. Some such actions are in our own interest, and we do them for that reason. Others bring no individual benefit, and these we ought to do for the sake of mankind. Systems of education should aim at inculcating willingness to act from such altruistic motives.

These answers may strike the philosopher as rather facile; he will want to know, for instance, what 'human welfare' is, and why we 'ought' to seek it: he will complain that Sir Herbert Samuel never enquires into the nature of obligation as such: he will point out that the association of egoism with altruism, on which Sir Herbert insists, is not explained by the assertion that their 'unification would do violence to the facts and must therefore be surrendered'. Indeed, it must be admitted that Sir Herbert often deals rather superficially with the topics which he raises, though that does not impair the value of his attempt to rescue Ethics from the pit of quietism in which the professors are apt to leave it, and to insist that it shall be a theory of action. He makes a strenuous plea for the view that the evolution of man is conscious evolution and that man's destiny is therefore in his own hands; and it is to be hoped that Sir Herbert's voice will be heard both within universities and outside them when he goes on to urge that 'Character is Fate'. 'Man is not so weak a creature that he need helplessly cower under the advancing shadow of some sinister "Necessity"'. There is no "Necessity". There is only ourselves. Those who say that wars are inevitable are themselves the cause which may make them so'.

New Novels

Appointment in Samarra. By John O'Hara. Faber. *Pylon.* By William Faulkner. Chatto and Windus
Means Test Man. By Walter Brierley. Methuen*

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

IF a history of depression in fiction is ever written the contemporary American novel will occupy a high place in it. Depression in American literature is unlike anything we knew after the war; it is both far more simple and far more thorough. One would consequently need to have an independent acquaintance with the United States to judge the first two novels in this list, for it is impossible to believe that they give a true representation of American life. This kind of novel is not a mere result of the present economic depression, for Mr. Hemingway set the standard for it some considerable time ago. He described life disintegrating in a vacuum under the onset of sex, alcohol and lawlessness. There was a background to this process, but it was curiously cardboardlike, so that it could be easily changed to suit any scene in the modern world, and with a few touches represent Paris, or Italy, or the United States. In front of it Mr. Hemingway arranged a group of Americans and set them to play out their simple static drama. Mr. Hemingway is a writer of immense talent; Mr. O'Hara, who is a disciple of his, is at least an extremely competent writer; Mr. Faulkner has greater gifts than either, and the background to his picture of life, if sometimes grotesque, is far more solid. But the world they all three describe cannot be taken seriously. They have really created a fascinating legend of sex and alcohol. A sociologist might put down this legend to Prohibition; it could be put down with much more plausibility to the overwhelming conviction of the emptiness of American life which so many American writers seem to have. In this emptiness sex and alcohol become unequivocally real; things which can always be relied on. Nevertheless there must be other realities in American life, and the absence of all mention of them in a book such as Mr. O'Hara's makes one feel that the effect is unjustifiably partial and inadequate.

Appointment in Samarra shows very clearly what a curious pattern life assumes when these two entities are given a free and exclusive run. Mr. O'Hara describes the reactions for a few days of a small industrial town. The chief figure in the story is Julian English, a leading member of the rich and fashionable set in Gibbstown. He is an amiable and likeable young man, and this is how he spends his Christmas week. He begins it by flinging a highball in the face of a man he does not like. As he is in debt to this man, he calls upon him next day to apologise, but is turned away. He goes next evening to a party, having given a promise to his wife that he would not get drunk. They have a tiff at the party, he does get drunk, and afterwards takes his wife to a speak-easy where he dances with the mistress of the local gunman and afterwards spends some time with her in his car. At the club next day a cousin of his wife picks a quarrel with him, and Julian knocks him down, along with two other members of the club. Thereupon he goes for a drive to compose his nerves, and meeting his wife on his way back has a quarrel with her and is told that she never wants to see him again. He goes home, gets drunk once more, and tries half-heartedly to seduce a woman reporter who strolls in. Then, having put on a few gramophone records, he fortifies himself with a last bottle of whisky and commits suicide. The automatic operation of sex and alcohol on a quite ordinary young man could not be better described. The other characters are, like Julian, average sensual men and women responding as automatically but more fortunately to the same stimuli. They are described for the most part without respect and without censure, as if they were curious animals. In performing this feat Mr. O'Hara shows the utmost honesty and impartiality, but as these virtues are exercised for an inadequate purpose, they sometimes let him down. For instance, take Al Grecco's musings on his master Ed Charney, the local racketeer; Helene's Ed's mistress and Annie is his wife.

Al knew Helene really cared for Ed. And she was good for him. You could tell when Ed and Helene were getting along. Ed was easier to get along with then. Tonight, or this after, when Ed showed up at the Apollo, he probably would be in a bad humour. That was the way Annie affected him. Whereas if he had spent the day with Helene he would have been in a good humour. But Al knew that Ed wouldn't think of spending Christmas with Helene. Ed was a family man, first and last, and that was one day in the year he would spend with the kid, at home.

That is a fairly thoroughgoing statement of Mr. O'Hara's attitude to life in general, and it issues in sentimentality or unconscious humour, it is hard to say which. In the more dramatic scenes it comes out unguessedly as sentimentality. Julian makes an abortive attempt to shoot himself:

He remembered a bottle of whisky he had in the desk, and he had a long-lasting drink of one whisky glass of it. 'Oh, I couldn't', he said, and he put his arms on the desk and his head on his arms, and he wept. 'You poor guy', he said, 'I feel so sorry for you'.

The long-lasting drink of whisky has much the same sentimental significance to Julian as the locket (generally containing a strand of his mother's hair) used to have to the traditional waster. This is what becomes of the hard-boiled convention of fiction in its decadence. But Mr. O'Hara's sentimentality emerges only when he has to acknowledge that his characters are human beings; and his technique, which is very efficient, generally absolves him from that necessity. The book has been a best-seller in America.

Pylon deals with the same two subjects, with danger and speed thrown in. The main characters are three men, a woman and a young boy, who earn a precarious living by winning prizes at flying contests with a worn and tattered aeroplane. A reporter, fascinated by this group and by the woman in particular, joins up with them. The woman is shared between two of the men, and the whole group live a restless and uneasy and confused life which Mr. Faulkner seems to have tried to reproduce by the restlessness and confusion of his style. The result is one of the worst books he has written, filled with banal journalistic circumlocutions, in which an aeroplane becomes 'a machine expensive, complex, delicate and intrinsically useless, created for some obscure psychic need of the species if not the race, from the virgin resources of a continent, to be the individual muscles, bones and flesh of a new and legless kind'. Mr. Faulkner's temptation to be portentous comes out very strongly in such passages, and also in the spasmodic energy with which he tries to inflate his characters, making them move in a series of convulsive jerks. In the course of these Shumann the pilot loses his life, and his death is a fine piece of sensationalism. The nameless reporter is clearly intended to play a significant part in the story, but he is one of the least credible characters that Mr. Faulkner has ever created. What the author conveys by this dislocated story it is difficult to say, and the wordiness of the style tempts one to believe that he does not know very clearly himself.

Means Test Man is written with far less than Mr. O'Hara's literary skill, but it is a first novel of considerable promise as well as a social document of great importance. Mr. Brierley, who is himself an unemployed miner, describes honestly and with sensitiveness of feeling a week in the life of an unemployed miner, his wife and his son of seven. He shows how the humiliation of being useless and hopeless eats into the hearts of these people (and of several millions of people like them). Because he does not wallow in dejection like Mr. O'Hara and Mr. Faulkner, but sets down the poor, petty details of an unemployed family's life with reluctance, as one who feels his sense of decency violated by doing so, his book makes infinitely sadder reading than theirs. The life he describes consists simply of making 25s. 3d. a week feed, clothe and house three people during a long featureless interregnum; and so the great moments of the story deal with buying odds and ends of food in the shops after the working population have had their pick, and the making of these odds and ends go as far as they can go. The main incident is a visit from the Means Test Investigator, and the account of its effect on the household makes almost unbearable reading. Mr. Brierley is not a propagandist; he merely describes. His book will not get so much attention as the other two. Nevertheless it makes their particular brand of dejection look idle; it is the work of a sensitive writer; and it should be read by everybody, if only for the problem of which it treats.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *Rhapsody in Gold*, by Diana Maugham (Nicholson and Watson); *Honey and Bread*, by Rhys Davies (Putnam); and *Victoria Glencairn*, by Glenda Spooner (Heinemann).

*All the books mentioned on this page are 7s. 6d. each.